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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 25, 1939
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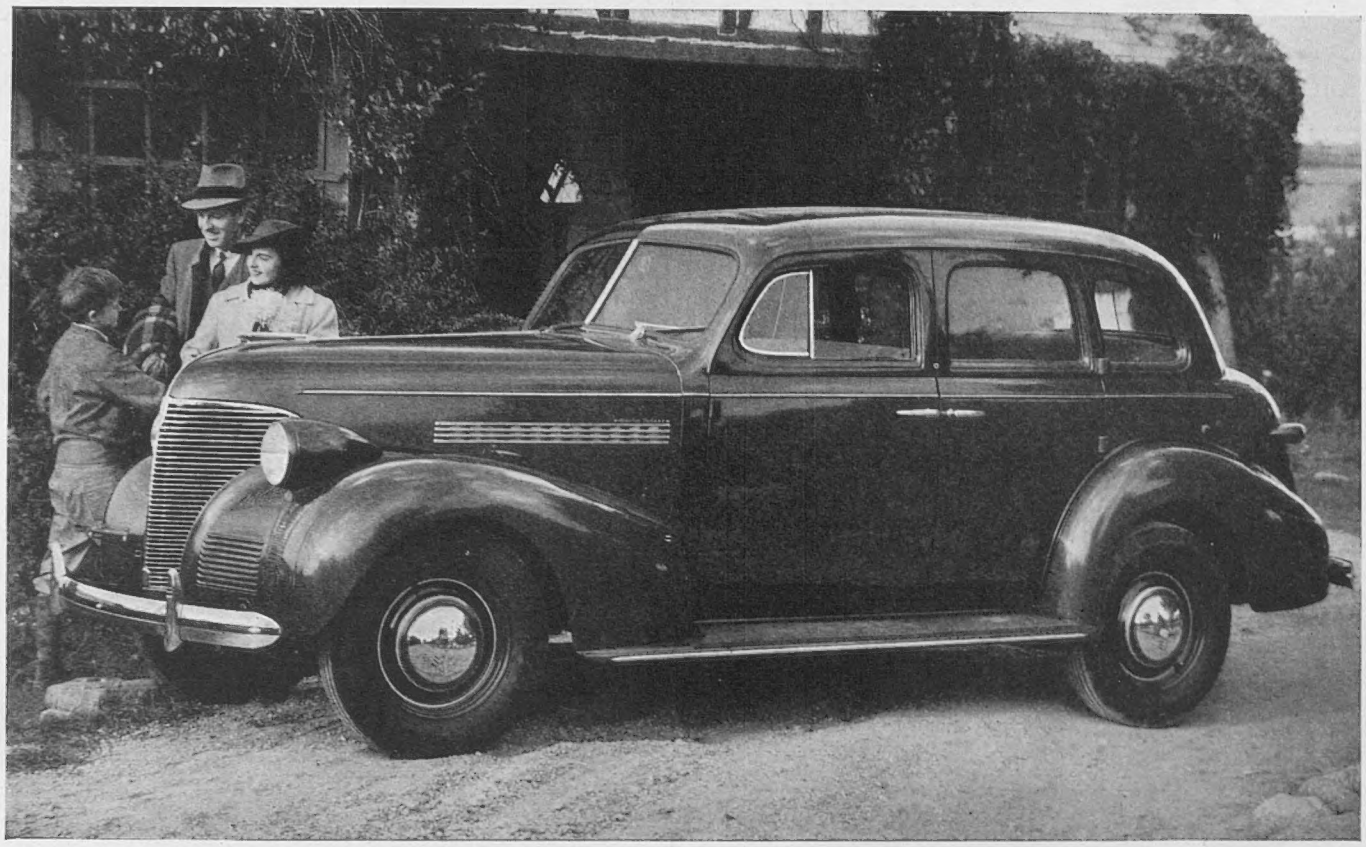

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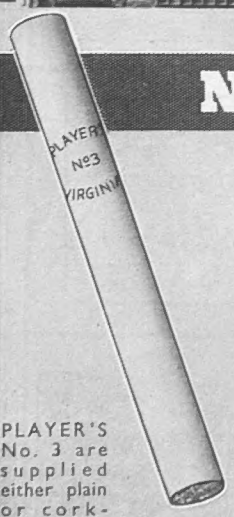

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 25, 1939

LAUNCH OF THE "KING GEORGE V"

Britain's First New Battleship for Fourteen Years about to Enter the Tyne after being Named by the King

While Mr. Chamberlain was addressing the House of Commons last Tuesday afternoon and telling members how "the long period of effort, preparation, and organisation of our defence programme is at last beginning to bear visible fruit," the King, accompanied by the Queen, was on Tyneside launching from the Walker yards the *King George V*, the first battleship to leave a British slipway for fourteen years and one of the finest fighting units ever devised by naval genius. It was a stirring moment as the great vessel gathered momentum and, with the sirens of every ship in the river blaring a welcome, gracefully entered her element. Shortly afterwards Tyneside had more cause for cheers when it became known that work would be started soon on an even larger battleship, the *Lion*, thus ensuring continued employment for several thousands of men at the Walker yards. When completed the *King George V* will be of 35,000 tons displacement and will have ten 14-in. guns while the secondary armament will consist of sixteen 5¼-in. guns. Her sister ship, the *Prince of Wales*, will be launched at Birkenhead in May

Postage—inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

GREAT DEEDS: Constable Frederick Champs (Metropolitan Police Force), Constable Edwin Ashman (Salford), Sergeant Alexander Carmichael (Metropolitan), and Sergeant Daniel Connell (Royal Ulster Constabulary) pictured together outside Buckingham Palace after receiving the King's Police Medal for Gallantry at the Investiture held by His Majesty on February 14. Champs pulled a man off the railway at Sudbury when a train was within a few feet of him; Ashman jumped from the Palatine Bridge, Salford, and rescued a man from the water; Carmichael attacked an armed burglar at Dollis Hill and, although shot in the thigh, held him until help arrived; and Connell risked his life in recovering the body of a drowned tourist from Glenariffe Glen, Antrim

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, February 22, 1939.

THE COST.—"Only the other day" the nation gasped to hear that a five-year plan of defence rearmament was perhaps to cost the country £1,500,000,000. The inconceivable figure was gradually digested. This money might be spent between 1937 and 1942. We are now at the beginning of 1939 and by the end of the year we shall have spent just under £1,200,000,000. £300,000,000 only were left for the redoubled expenditure up to 1942. In some part to meet that original figure the Government took powers to borrow on Defence Loans £400,000,000. And taxation was raised. Those borrowing powers have now been doubled. Expenditure on defence for 1939 will reach £580,000,000, £135,000,000 over the estimate made last year and double what was spent in 1937. Truly prophecy is pie-crust in a constantly shifting scene! What do we receive for our sacrifices? What comfort remains to the cripples? The gift of a little less uneasiness, and a slight return of national pride. Sir John Simon has been comforting in his income-tax hints. Some part of the hideous deficiencies have been made good, some lost time has been made up. The figures concerning "business done" are necessarily guarded. Army, recruitment gives satisfaction and the Territorial force is to have the lion's share of the Army appropriation. As regards defence against air attack, the supply of the deficient guns is believed to have been satisfactory for some months, and A.R.P., under new management, is beginning to wear the uniform of organisation. There is still a good deal of uncertainty as to its policy. Long-term or panic measures? The evacuation billeting scheme: camps or billets? Schemes in rural areas are obscured by doubts as to the individual area's degree of war risk and as to the most probable dangers to be guarded against. But work has been done, men and women have been trained, and throughout the country some sort of skeleton organisation exists, in some areas so large as to be unwieldy. What seems clear is that the dictator states have taken note of a new resolution and confidence in the recent utterances of the "outworn" democracies and have curbed their tongues a little. They, too, have realised that improved trade is vital for them and that the crater edge of war is a bad market for their exports; that their peoples are

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT A CHARITY FILM PREMIERE: Her Royal Highness being escorted by the Marquess of Willingdon into the Odeon, Leicester Square, where she saw the first presentation of *Topper Takes a Trip*, the proceeds of which go to the Old Etonian Housing Association and the Finsbury Housing Association, two organisations that are working for slum clearance in North London. The Duke of Gloucester is seen in the background

We believe the Navy to-day is a key deterrent to reckless aggression, and next year may be a decisive factor. As for air defence, we must still take much on trust and take the will to spend £200,000,000 in the next twelve months for the deed. We cannot make any comparison of our own strength with that of Germany, for we have nothing but rumour to go on. But the responsible ministers have assured us that production doubled last year, and that in production and personnel there are no longer any grounds for criticism. In the 90 per cent. anti-war; that the armaments race, which is suicide for all, will carry off the poorer nations first. The change of tune is indeed remarkable and refreshing. We have not, indeed, received value for money. We know that in our time we must now stagger under a crippling burden of taxation—in a countryside scarred with the signs of war. But if the stupendous outlay succeed in averting war and we escape bankruptcy we shall not be inclined to condemn our Government. We have been too near the edge. Bomb craters are uglier even than tank tracks.

FEBRUARY HOLIDAY.—The coldest month in the year has broken many records for warmth and sunshine. Such a spell is never more welcome than in February, which is, after all, if not mid-winter, at least the middle of the cold weather. And it follows January, whose reputation for beastliness has grown in late years. A mild and sunny February does carry one to the threshold of spring, when lengthening days and the courtship of the birds and the coming of the daffodils keep hope alive. Already there is colour. The crocuses are bright carpets on lawns turning a brighter green. There are beds of polyanthus, red and purple. The currant ribes is nearly in flower, and the almond and peach blossoms are showing signs, too. And the daffodils have pushed up their heads as high as four inches. It is pleasant to dig and tidy gardens again, and sanguine men examine tennis lawns with a more critical eye, and the rusty crank, crank of garden rollers is heard in the land. We have reached and passed Valentine's Day, and nest-making is afoot or a-beak. Come, *sursum corda*!

PIUS XI.—Pius XI is already acknowledged as a great Pope. His courage and statesmanship, his power to interpret the spirit of a new and troubled age without sacrificing the great traditions and standards of his high office, gained for him the admiration not only of his own communion but of the outside world. Few Popes have lived through more difficult and constantly critical times and none ever came through with a higher reputation. He was, as a statesman, more than usually liberal—his famous Encyclicals show it. He approved of what was good and resolutely attacked what was evil in the new world that grew up in the course of his Pontificate. He was deeply versed in the early history of the Church and widely experienced by travel and practical interest in the latest developments of science and philosophy. He was a lover of England, and his hobby was mountaineering. He was born near Milan in 1857 of middle-class parents and his name was Achille Ratti. He was ordained in 1879 and his career seemed to have reached its summit when he was appointed Prefect of the Vatican Library after a busy and successful term as head of the Ambrosian Library. Then came his famous mission to Poland which marked him out for the highest preferment and in 192[illegible] he was elected Pope after a more than usually unanimous conclave. He was considered a "safe" man. He soon showed that "safety first" was not his policy in his resistance to the evils of his time. And now his successor fal[illegible]

MUSLIMS MEET: The Emir Feisal (seated on right), head of the Saudi-Arabian delegation to the Palest[illegible] Conference, listening to an address of welcome at the reception given in his honour at the Sh[illegible] Jehan Mosque, Woking, where many Muslims resident in England forgathered last Sunday. At t[illegible] beginning of this week the Palestine Conference entered upon a decisive stage and it became appare[illegible] that, unless the Jews and Arabs could be persuaded to collaborate with each other and with Brita[illegible] it would be necessary for the British Government to impose its own solution arbitrarily on both parti[illegible]

to be elected. He is a hard man to follow in a high office never more difficult. The next Pope will need all the courage, all the judgment, all the liberality of view of which the human mind is capable.

THE INEFFABLE GAYDA.—Since the utterances of that ineffable candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize (Signor Gayda) continue to be regarded by the B.B.C. as News item No. 1 and *vox dei*, let us examine his latest contribution to world peace:—"This sudden rush of France and Great Britain to embrace Franco after stabbing him in the back daily for thirty months is clearly nothing more than a revived edition of the old insidious policy of establishing a political and economic hegemony. Such a policy is an offence to the spirit of chivalry and the political intelligence of the Spanish people." If Signor Gayda had a sense of the ridiculous, how he would explode with laughter privately over his own words! There are so many plums of ingenuous humour in the sentences. This fury at Great Britain and France doing the very thing which he has been lashing them for not doing, for thirty months! This picture of the distracted señorita blowing hot and cold with her rival lovers! Indeed, "the political intelligence of the Spanish people" is the *mot juste*. The señorita, distracted as she is by her suitors, is not perhaps above considering the material advantages that each could offer her. When crossing the stream, the strong arms of the signor and the herr doktor; but, once the other side, M. le Comte and the English milord have advantages to offer which the other suitors lack. An advance of cash for the trousseau, for example, and the expectation of benefits to come for her family.

CAMPS. ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS.—Public opinion forced the Government's hand in almost record time over this camp question. It was achieved in a matter of months. Strong and bitter feeling as to the futility of a purely private-house billeting scheme for evacuation swept official vacillation aside—and a beginning—a compromise—is made. What are the essentials of these camps? They must be sited in wooded areas—to escape observation. Near to the village or town, to allow volunteer servers to get quickly to and from their own homes. They must be on, or very near, the mains of water and electricity and drainage—for greater economy. And, if the materials for construction must be carefully scrutinised in the interests of economy, the camps must have at least the substantial qualities of twenty years of life and must be sufficiently attractive to the eye, and in the matter of comfort, to attract custom in peace time and in summer—for thence will their revenue be derived. There is a strong case for an advisory panel of architects. None of these conditions is incompatible or difficult to secure, unless it be economy in construction, a thing we can seldom achieve. The cost of such a camp in Scandinavia is about one-sixth of the same erection in Britain.

ELECTRICITY IN RURAL AREAS.—A Conservative Government began so well and resolutely to handle this vital business of making the nation electrically minded and giving the farmer supplies of power without which he cannot compete with the world in his business. And then, having begun well, a sudden terror of being called Socialists seized them and they left to private ventures all over the country the monopoly of giving or withholding supplies of current to rural areas on the nice and petty basis of calculating what policy will best benefit their shareholders. Hence the complaints which clamour for redress of absurd demands for meeting cost of connection and guaranteeing minimum expenditure annually. These demands range from £750 down and £75 a year for ten years to £150 down and £30 per annum. And a great part of this country remains as primitive as it was in Reform Bill days. On this question of electricity supply depend vital defence questions besides that of home production of foodstuffs. The whole evacuation scheme of A.R.P. stands or falls by it also. Are we any nearer the day when the Government will forget its fears of being considered Socialistic and drive out those local futility companies whose mean and petty calculations have made nonsense of a finely conceived and vital reform?

READY-MADE REFUGES.—Watching the new steel shelters being dug into those South Kensington trenches in what once were square gardens of lawn and flower beds, I wondered what these feverish activities were costing us. (What the joyfully hailed invention of flying had cost Britain in particular!) And I remembered certain lucky neighbourhoods where nature had provided ready-made or long-made direct-hit refuges for the inhabitants. There are the Souterrains at Naours, for example. I remember them well in the war. They could house a division and some of its horses. These great cave-systems had for hundreds of years sheltered during the long French wars scores of inhabitants and their cattle. Here underground village folk lived and married (there was a chapel in the cliffs) and were born and died. In a small way there is something of the sort at Compton, near Guildford. Then at Wells there is Wookey Hole. Do the Wellsians dig or do they rely on Wookey? As for the Cheddar Gorge folk, how they must laugh at aerial warfare and threats to Bristol. They are safe without any serious increase in the rates or the labour of digging. I should like to have a natural *souterrain* in my garden.

THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM HOLDS AN INVESTITURE: This was the impressive scene in the Chapter Hall at Clerkenwell as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Bailiff Grand Cross in the Order of St. John, led the procession before the presentation of badges of chivalry. Following the Earl of Shaftesbury is Captain A. N. Cahusac, Chief Secretary of the St. John Ambulance Association, who is seen carrying a cross

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM COX:

"The Sphere" records with profound regret the death of Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Thomas Cox, D.S.O., an outstanding figure in the business world, who was suddenly taken ill last week while travelling by train from London to Nottingham, and died a few hours later. Sir William was connected with over a score of companies, but was best known as the managing director of the Ellerman Property Trust, Ltd., in which capacity he managed the vast Ellerman fortune. He was also joint vice-chairman of Illustrated Newspapers. Sir William, who was fifty-eight years of age, was born at Portishead, Somerset, and during 1914–17 served with distinction in the Royal Artillery, receiving the D.S.O. and mention in dispatches. He was twice wounded, the second occasion being at Ypres in 1917. A knighthood was conferred on him in 1937 for public and philanthropic services

NEW PEERS.—Of the four new peers created in January, two have kept their surnames and two chosen place-names. Lords Hankey and Harmsworth; Lord Fairfield (Sir F. A. Greer) and Lord Milford (Sir Laurence Philipps). Sir Laurence Philipps, one of three brothers sent to the Upper House, comes of a very ancient family settled since Time ran in Pembrokeshire and has chosen a title which died out, but once nearly played a part in English history—a tiny part. When Col Tate and his French convicts (2,000 strong) landed at Fishguard in 1797, Lord Milford was Lord Lieutenant of the "part affected." But he was sick and his responsibilities fell on the recently ennobled Squire Campbell of Stackpole, Lord Cawdor of Castlemartin. Lord Cawdor carried Tate and his lieutenants in triumph prisoners to London. And now 140 years after, I greatly fear the Government mean to ruin his property.

TANK RANGE IN PEMBROKE.—The War Office has decided to requisition and take over for a tank range and exercise ground 6,000 acres of excellent farming land (and a notable beauty spot) on Lord Cawdor's estate in Pembrokeshire. The details of the negotiations to that end are worth setting forth: The first examination was made a year ago, no notice being given to landowner or tenant farmers. Junior officials walked in, conducted examinations, and gave out to the farmers, who naturally supposed their landlord was aware of the proposal, that the area might be required by the War Office. These minions were not authorised to pronounce and the landlord had not been approached at all. It was not a good start. Two or three years ago a plane base had been established at Flimston in the Linney Head area. Permanent hangars were erected and no notice was taken by the Air Ministry of local warnings that, summer and winter, the prevalence of local sea mists rendered the area unsuitable for flying. After one year, the truth was made plain and the aerodrome was abandoned. A gross waste of public money. The War Office tank range scheme is immensely larger. The proposal involves 6,000 acres of fine farming land, with twelve prosperous farms giving employment to three villages. The compensations involved for landowner and tenant farmers insure that the scheme will be immensely expensive. Originally the farms were to be entirely vacated and thousands of acres of good farmland thrown out of cultivation. When this monstrous proposal came to the ears at long last of the Ministry of Agriculture, and its opposition was added to local opposition, the War Office announced that it would not insist on the total vacation of the farms. Farming could proceed, where possible, among the tanks, bombs, and shells. Only one Cabinet Minister is familiar with the area—Sir John Simon. He was strongly opposed to the desecration of so matchless a beauty spot and so rich an agricultural area. With him are naturally the Ministers of Agriculture and Health. The site is one—and by far the most expensive—of about twenty-five which have been surveyed. Many of them are derelict or partially derelict land. But the Stackpole site appears to the War Office the best on the whole, and, taxpayers' money being no object and the ruin of prosperous farms of no account to one department, the scheme has been pushed forward by the War Office in the teeth of all reasonable objections. And by the methods of the totalitarian state. No direct approach was made to the landowner; no notice of intention to survey served. The tenant farmers were left to suppose their landlord was betraying them; the landlord was left in ignorance of every stage of the examination during nearly a whole year. It is an example of juggernaut methods, and of the total failure of co-ordination of the prime needs of defence, of which the production of foodstuffs in this country is one of the most important. There is one point which has been put forward with restraint and fairness—that is, the one-sidedness of such negotiations. It is at least reasonable, in view of the strength of opposition, that before a decision of this sort is made, the objectors should be informed in detail of the reasons for the unsuitability of cheaper alternative sites.

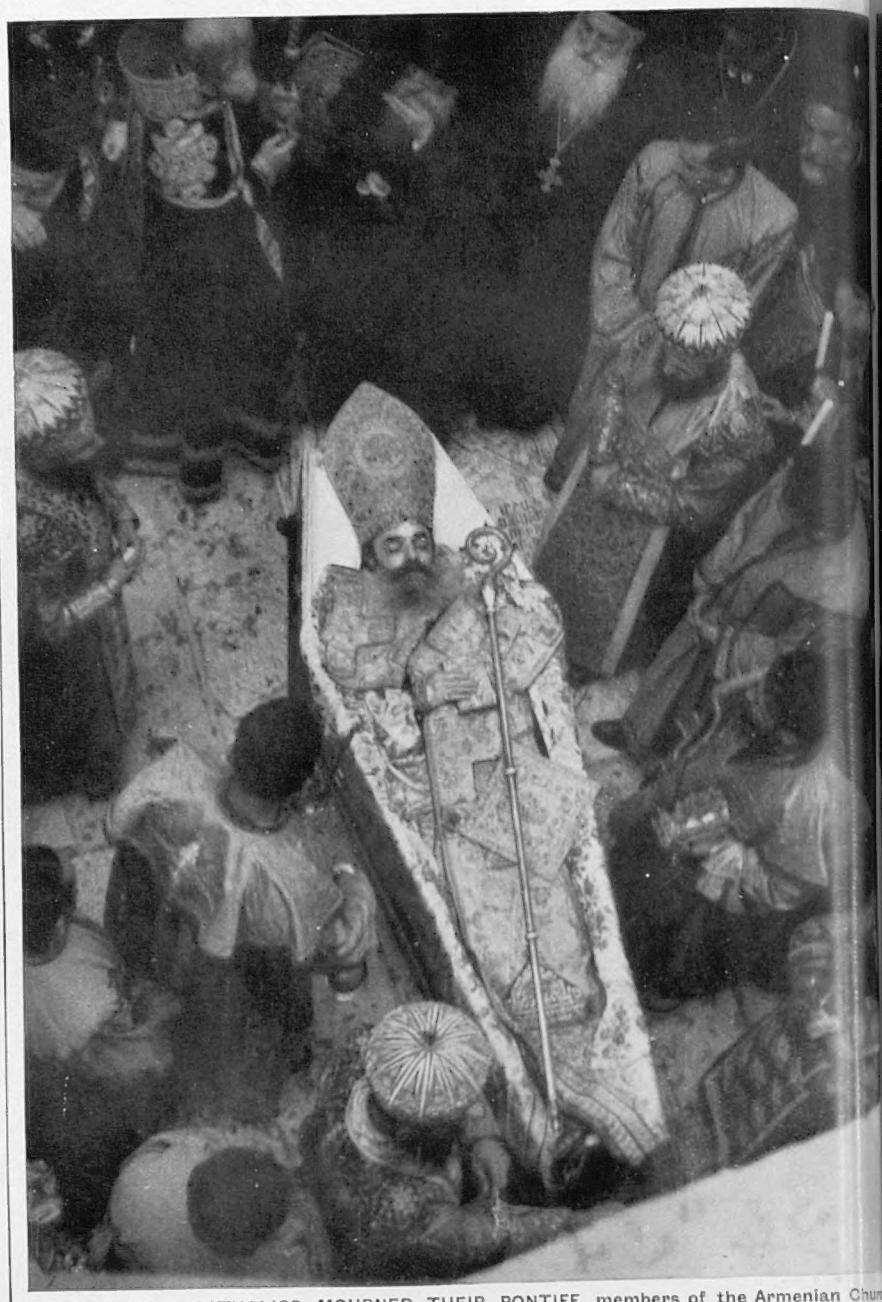
THE OLD STAGER

LIGHTER VEIN: South African Motorist Weds Revue Girl: Queen Mary's God-daughter Honeymoons

A WINDMILL THEATRE WEDDING: Norman Wilson, the well-known racing driver, who hails from South Africa, and Miss Molly Overton, leading lady at the Windmill Theatre, pictured after their marriage last week at Rugby parish church

MARRIED IN A SNOWSTORM—HONEYMOONING IN SUNSHINE: Mr. John Leslie Harvey and his bride, the Hon. Anne Harvey, formerly the Hon. Anne Wigram, god-daughter of Queen Mary and daughter of Lord Wigram, seen together during a round of golf at Cannes where they are now spending their honeymoon. The weather they are enjoying is in contrast to that of their wedding when they emerged from St. George's, Windsor, in the midst of a snowstorm

NEWS FROM THREE CAPITALS



WHILE ROMAN CATHOLICS MOURNED THEIR PONTIFF, members of the Armenian Chur... in Palestine mourned the loss of Patriarch Thorgom of Jerusalem, who is seen here as h... lay in state in an open coffin clad in his magnificently embroidered robes of office a... with his crook laid across his recumbent form. Representatives of the High Commission... and of General Haining, the British Commander in Palestine, attended the funeral servi...

DYNAMITING IN BERLIN: These stones were blown 100 yards across the Konigs-Platz, when workmen used explosive to help demolish the base of the Victory Column of 1873. The column itself has been re-erected elsewhere. It commemorates the creation of the Second Reich

START OF THE BERLIN MOTOR SH... the exhibition hall after Herr H... ceremony and issued a warnin... more restraint on the roads. E... Opel to the new streamlined H... is overshadowed this year by the

Patriarch's Funeral in Jerusalem—Herr Hitler Opens Berlin Motor ow, and the People See the £47 10s. Car—M. Lebrun's Retirement

M. LEBR N'S TERM DRAWS TO A CLOSE: The French President arriving for Le Grand Bal Cercle Militaire, one of the last Paris functions of its kind he will attend in his cap ty as head of the state. Next month he will be in London on an official visit and in A il his seven years of office come to an end. In certain quarters an effort is being mad to get him to accept re-nomination, but it is widely thought that he will refuse

glimpse of the big crowd in ad performed the opening e people that they must show ar from the popular "baby" mplete with "running water, People's Car" costing £47 10s.

DR. GOEBBELS REVIEWS THE MOTOR INDUSTRY: The Minister of Propaganda delivering his address preceding the official opening of the Berlin Motor Show by Chancellor Hitler. The display was bigger than ever as it included the Tatra, a car manufactured at Nesseldorf, a town formerly in Czechoslovakia, and several makes from Austria

A.R.P. PROGRESS: Readjustment in South Kensington: Concrete Blocks for Green Park

BEGUN IN THE "MUNICH" DAYS these air-raid precaution trenches in the square outside South Kensington Underground station are now being completed. The original hastily-installed timberwork has been taken out, being replaced with steel arches of approved design. When the work is finished the shelters will be well hidden and it is probable that a small garden will appear above them

AN ALTERNATIVE TO STEEL: These A.R.P. trenches in Green Park are being covered with massive slabs of concrete, each weighing about 2 cwt.—a method that has up to now not been widely employed. All over London trenches begun at the time of the Munich crisis are being completed in some form

GREEN PARK'S DEFENCES: Some of the 2-cwt. concrete slabs which are being used to cover the trenches. A.R.P. is at long last beginning to make real strides throughout the country; the movement will probably end by outstripping all other countries, which have hitherto concentrated on elaborate gas-maskery and black-outs. An account of current progress will be found in an article by Inglis Sheldon-Williams appearing on page 294 of this issue

CONTINENTAL :

Joan of Arc's Castle Prison Destroyed by Fire—The International Rubber Committee Meets in Holland to Discuss the Quota

THE WRECKED ROOF OF THE CHATEAU DE CLERES, the ancestral home of the Barons de Clere, near Rouen, where a disastrous fire broke out recently, destroying a great part of the building. It was there that Joan of Arc was held prisoner after her capture by the English and before her death in Rouen, and it is for this reason that the place has always been a great object of pilgrimage

TO RAISE OR NOT TO RAISE THE QUOTA, that was the question facing Chairman Sir John Campbell (foreground) and members of the Rubber Regulation Committee when they met in Holland last week. In the end they decided to maintain the quota at 50 per cent., no doubt deeming that available stocks of rubber are adequate to meet defence needs as well as prospective commercial demand

PLANES AND SHIPS

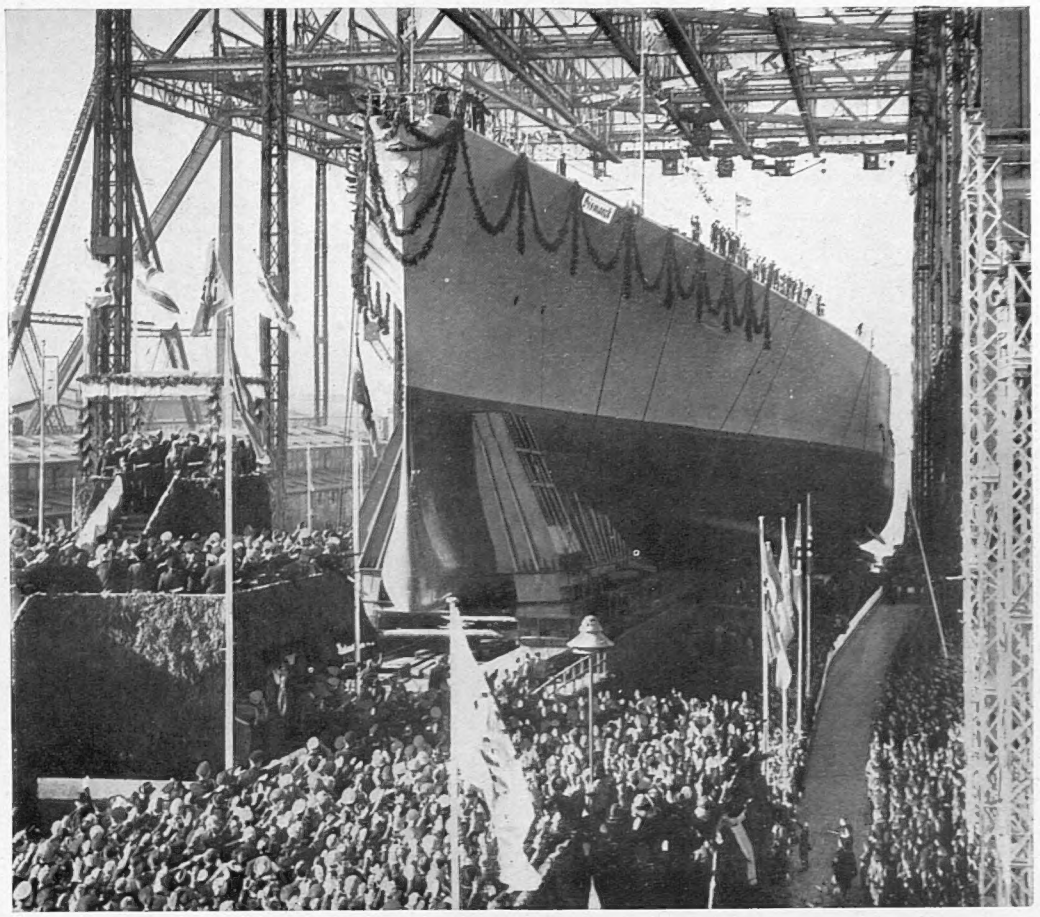
PLANNED TO ENHANCE BRITAIN'S AERIAL PRESTIGE: This new twin-engined monoplane belongs to the Flamingo type which is being built in large quantities by the De Havilland organisation as an answer to the American Lockheeds, and it is expected

TOO BIG TO GO INTO THE HOLDS: This Lockheed Hudson general reconnaissance machine arrived on February 14 at Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, in the Cunard liner *Andania*, representing the first of the stream of 250 of these warplanes which the R.A.F. has

OF PEACE AND WAR:

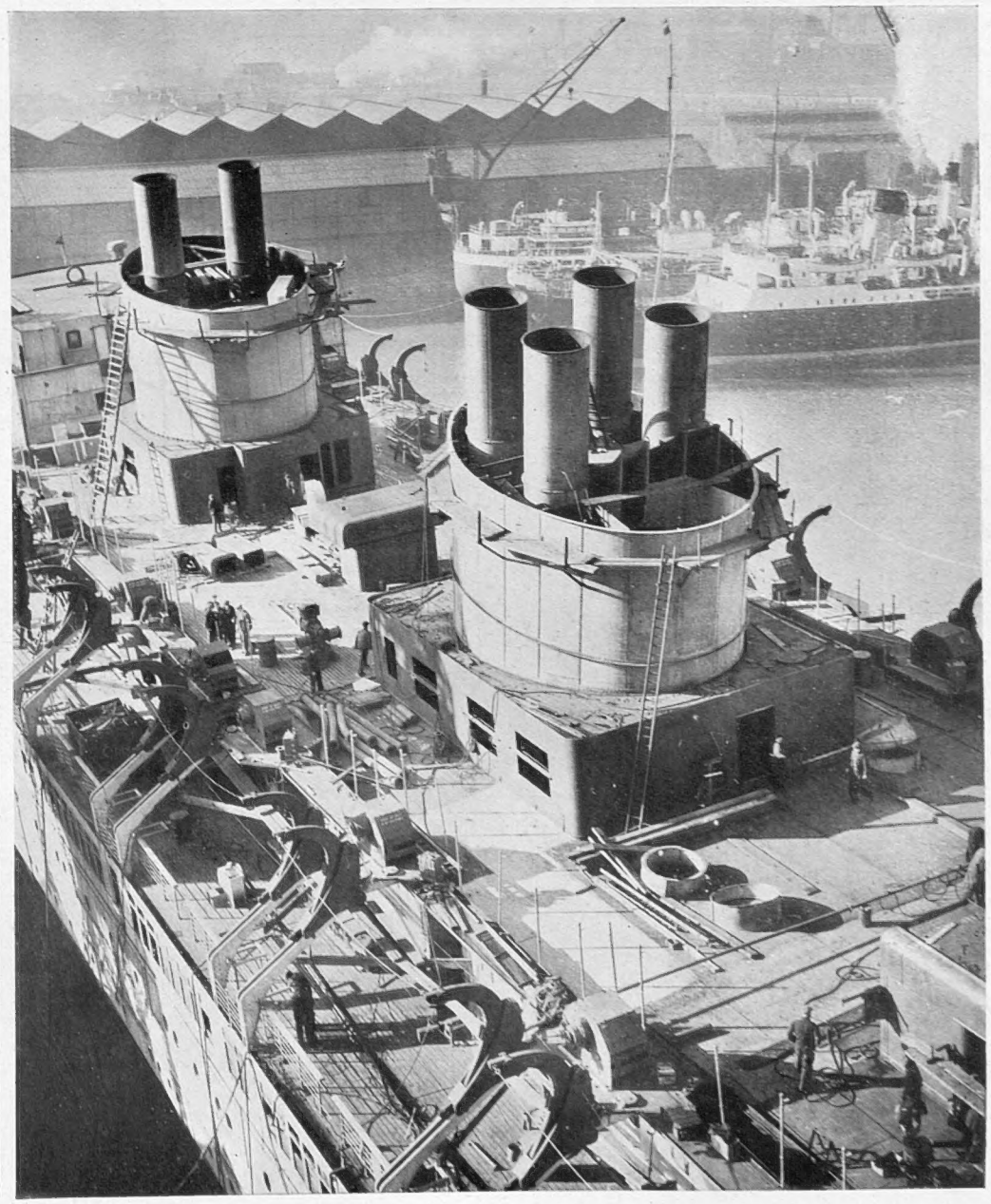
Britain's Latest Air Liners—The First Machine of the Batch from America —Launch of the "Bismarck"—A Curiosity of the New "Mauretania"

that it will be used largely on the British, Continental, and Empire routes. It is capable of a top speed of 240 m.p.h., and will carry twenty passengers. As a special safeguard the Flamingo's retractable undercarriage can be lowered in five different ways



THE BIGGEST BATTLESHIP EVER BUILT IN GERMANY: The 35,000-ton *Bismarck* on the slipway at the Blohm and Voss yards, Hamburg, during the naming and launching ceremony performed by Frau von Loenwenfeld, a grand-daughter of Bismarck. The new warship is the first of a class of three, of which the second is expected to take the water in May, and her principal armament consists of eight 15-in. guns

ordered from the United States, and the delivery of which will be completed during the next few months. Owing to the size of the machine it travelled on the after-decks of the ship, and did not give the slightest trouble, despite the fact that the voyage was stormy



THE "MAURETANIA" NOW HAS SIX FUNNELS, but when she starts out on her maiden voyage some time this summer only two will be visible, as those seen in this picture will be enclosed in two main funnels each weighing 105 tons and reaching a height of 56 ft. from the top deck. The smaller funnels lead direct to the boiler rooms. The *Mauretania's* eastern terminus will be the Port of London

THE QUEEN AT THE B.I.F.

Her Majesty inspecting bridal gowns when she visited the Earls Court section of the British Industries Fair on the opening day this week. The Queen spent three hours touring the stands

FOR THE REPOSE OF PIUS XI

The scene in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, as a congregation of 2,000 attended a Pontifical Mass of requiem for Pope Pius XI, a service at which the Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark officiated. St. George's is not to be confused with Southwark's Anglican Cathedral, St. Saviour's

ROSYTH COMES TO LIFE AGAIN:

The Famous War-time Dockyard which Became the Graveyard for Old Ships and Now Regains its Former Status

ROSYTH is probably the only instance in history of a great naval dockyard which played an incalculably valuable part in a great war, only to be cast aside with the coming of peace. Scapa Flow and Invergordon became famous as the major bases of the Grand Fleet between 1914 and 1918, but neither boasted a dockyard worthy of the name. Rosyth, on the Firth of Forth just above the Forth Bridge, was not only a great fleet base, it was a major dockyard capable of carrying out almost any repairs to large or small ships, and thus saving the time and danger involved in a voyage to one of the dockyards of the south.

Rosyth dockyard was begun before the war, but it was essentially a war-time product, designed and built to serve the needs of a great fleet whose strategic bases had to be in the north. Always Rosyth and the Firth of Forth will be associated with the name of Admiral Earl Beatty of the North Sea. It will be as the fighting admiral commanding the battle-cruisers that Admiral Beatty will be best remembered, and Rosyth was pre-eminently the base of the battle-cruisers.

Then came peace. The vast area covered by Rosyth dockyard began to grow rank grass. Rabbits and even snipe have been shot in the dockyard within the past decade. Part of the great basin, one of the largest tideless basins in the world, was leased to the Alloa Ship-breaking Company, and saw the sad end of many a gallant ship. The great graving dock and the enormous cranes, capable of lifting out boilers and the heaviest guns carried in warships, were leased to Metal Industries Limited. Under this lease the large graving dock became the last resting-place of warships of another nation. It was to this graving dock that the ships of the German High Sea Fleet, raised with infinite pains from the sea bed at Scapa Flow, where they had been scuttled by their crews after the great surrender, were towed for breaking up.

By KENNETH EDWARDS

Many were the hairbreadth escapes experienced when edging these hulks into the dock and when they were settling, bottom up as a rule. Perhaps the narrowest escape from disaster was caused by the German battle-cruiser *Moltke*, which had survived one of our submarine torpedoes in the Baltic and another in the North Sea. The *Moltke* was raised from the bottom of Scapa Flow and towed to the Firth of Forth, bottom up. She was close to the Forth Bridge when the swirling tide suddenly caught her. The towing wire of one of her tugs snapped, and the huge bulk of the German battle-cruiser swung to within a few feet of one of the piers of the Forth Bridge before she was again got under control. Had she crashed into that pier it seems more than probable that the whole gigantic structure of the Forth Bridge might have toppled into the Firth.

The *Moltke* was got under control, but that took time. The tide began to ebb. There was no time to be lost if the upturned ship was to be got into the dock while there was still sufficient depth of water to float her over the dock sill. She could not wait for the next high water, for she was slowly sinking again in spite of all the efforts of the salvage pumps. She was got into the dock, but there was nothing to spare, and her gun turrets actually scraped and bumped over the sill of the dock.

While the *Moltke* was being broken up in the graving dock an old British battleship was being broken up in the basin. It looked as if Rosyth was becoming nothing more than a graveyard for old ships. The workshops of the dockyard were being kept in a state of repair, but only by a very attenuated "care and maintenance" party.

The two naval establishments which remained were the depot for old destroyers in "maintenance reserve," and the Boom Defence School at the extreme eastern end of the enormous dockyard. The latter was not a large establishment so far as personnel was concerned, although its gear was spread over a considerable area. The former consisted of the depot ship H.M.S. *Greenwich*, to which was added in 1929 the old submarine depot ship H.M.S. *Ambrose*, which had seen many years of service on the China Station. The rest of the destroyer base consisted of a large number of destroyers lying on the northern and eastern sides of the great basin. These ships were kept up by a few skeleton crews, which worked round from ship to ship. Right up to the autumn of 1936 it seemed that this was a disheartening and useless labour, for practically every one of those destroyers was earmarked for the scrap-heap.

Then suddenly Rosyth began to take on a new lease of life with the coming of rearmament. All those old destroyers were saved from the scrap-heap. The ex-White Star liner *Majestic*, altered and renamed H.M.S. *Caledonia*, went to Rosyth to form the accommodation ship for the largest training establishment for boys and boy artificers for the Royal Navy. Buildings were begun ashore to serve as parts of the training establishment in years to come. But still no shipbuilding or ship-repairing work was done. Only the ship-breaking by private firms went on.

Now the dockyard facilities of Rosyth are to be reopened. The Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty made the announcement in the House of Commons.

In the first instance, the reopening of Rosyth dockyard, which is envisaged, will give work to only about 200 men. The initial idea is that the old destroyers which are to be refitted and converted into convoy escort vessels will undergo the refits and reconstruction at Rosyth instead of being towed south. This will automatically place a certain proportion of the dockyard once again in working commission, and it is expected that before very long, Rosyth will be capable of carrying out the refit or repairs to a cruiser.

To-day the strategic considerations which led to the initial development of Rosyth as a great naval dockyard are once again to the fore. It would not be surprising to find that the present scheme is but the opening stage of a great development and reopening which will again make Rosyth capable of dealing with the docking and repairs of the largest ships. If this does happen it will do much to relieve the unemployment situation in the adjacent towns, and particularly in Dunfermline.

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FTERMATH

en When and If General Franco The Prospects of a Restoration

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE "DEVONSHIRE'S" ADVENTUROUS CRUISE: Italian supporters of General Franco pictured on board the British cruiser as they were being taken from Gandia, seaport town in the Government-held region south of Valencia, to Palma, Majorca. The men, who have been exchanged by special arrangement, have spent many months in Government prisons, but their faces do not bear evidence of excessive hardship. Following this errand the *Devonshire* took the Military Governor of Majorca to Minorca, and it was in the captain's cabin that negotiations were successfully carried out for the yielding up of Minorca to Franco; one of the war's few bloodless victories

need for order. During 1938 Dr. Negrin contrived to inculcate no less sense of order among his adherents than was operating with Franco's men. He furthermore resumed relations with the Holy See, which should put out of court all chat about the Government's revised attitude to priests and to the Mass having been so much "Red" propaganda. (What *is* the point in blimpish suppression of facts).

No faction or party or movement in Spain has much to be proud of; so much might usefully be borne in mind during the re-fashioning years lying directly ahead. The monarchy, obscurantist and archaicly titled, broke down because it ceased to be constitutional. The Republic, after being painlessly welcomed by the bulk of a nation as *La Niña* ("the little 'un"), proceeded to commit all the errors of the preceding regime while adding some more, such as inability to tackle outrageous religious persecution, burning and killing, as far back as 1931. Cold, doctrinaire leaders ruled out the possibility of peaceful evolution by reproducing

ON THE LONG MARCH ACROSS THE PYRENEAN BORDER this Catalan refugee dragged a half-starving sheep along with him and on arrival at a concentration camp in France it was put out of its misery to provide much-needed meat

the very errors they had orated about when in opposition before King Alfonso departed: electoral fraud, political persecution, corruption and nepotism in administration.

Yet there was one man who brought prosperity and happiness to Spain since the great war, and whose continued presence at the helm—his health broke down and he died—might have obviated the ghastly tragedy from which the country he loved and served so well may soon begin to emerge. Primo de Rivera bequeathed to *La Niña* most of the good things the infant Republic could later display: roads, schools, irrigated land, telephones, and peace from a Moroccan war that seemed never to end. Primo worked hard and played hard and, like Kemal, he *did* things, brought positive benefit to the community. Maybe something of his spirit may preside over the new Spain. At all events, some form of military dictatorship is bound to materialise, while the lengthy period of change and gradual settlement, which inevitably follows a civil war, is enacted.

It is funny now to think that one or two of us interviewed Primo, at Seville, in April, 1927, on the possibility of then 12-year-old Don Juan being officially designated as heir to the throne, as the one fit son of their Majesties. We were down there on some idiotic yarn that the Prince of Wales was going to become betrothed to one of the Infantas, whereas H.R.H. had actually gone to Seville for a holiday, a bright one. However, here is the (now) Prince of Asturias well in the limelight 13 years after.

Will Franco revive the Monarchy, and if so, whom will he choose? My belief is that it is his fond hope to do so, should all go well with his riding of his own conflicting elements, and as the opportunity designates itself sooner or later; further, that the one-time Don Juan will be his choice. The formality of Franco's reply to the father, compared with the warmth of his telegram of thanks to the son, on the fall of Barcelona, was a pointer. There can be no chance for Alfonso XIII. He was too much derided and lampooned for years throughout the country, as he must forever remain associated with a violated constitution (however happy the temporary sequel) and—with a neglect of Spain that was to lead directly to the civil war.

Why have such a dynasty back at all? For the symbol, the tradition, the colour, that Spaniards love, and for a hoped revival of stability in the purple. But would it not impinge on the sway of the Caudillo and his clique? Does King Victor Emmanuel so impinge on what the Duce wills or wants? A young, unspotted king on the sidelines might make the Caudillo's path the smoother, reconciling several elements otherwise opposed on essentials. I do know, from contact with refugees and militiamen, how many don't give a hoot any longer what sort of rule is imposed on them so long as they are allowed to return home to work, to their women, and to peace.

In passing, I witnessed an incident at Le Perthus that puts the matter of women soldiers in a new light. Two girls of the militia in tattered and mud-coated uniforms were endeavouring to cross to France days before the frontier was opened to retreating Government troops. Oh, yes, they had fought, had been soldiers. But they were women, girls, and the French Government were allowing over all women, young and old. The Garde Mobile went into a hustle, to come out of it the only way Frenchmen could. The two were allowed into France while simultaneously broken militiamen were being refused. And before leaving the frontier perhaps I can throw some light on a small matter that has been puzzling *The Times* ("It is a little difficult to understand, unless the cause is hatred and total inability to remain under an uncongenial regime, why so many thousands of townspeople and villagers should abandon their native country before General Franco's advance."

Hoping that it will not be too uncongenial, the "tragic exodus" derived from a medley of causes. Hunger: over the French frontier was bread. Likewise escape from Italian bombs and the Moors (partially illiterate townsfolk and villagers had heard tell of all many times over). Yearning to get back to homes and families in Aragon and the Basqueland, from which many had been diverted to Catalonia after past Franco offensives. Panicky fear of being on the trumpeted Insurgent list for retaliation. People with a guilty conscience or making a getaway with illicitly-acquired valuables. Sympathisers with Franco, also others seeking to join the winning side—"everybody likes a winner." Women and children ordered to the frontier by their menfolk or by Republican authority in order to make rations, scrappings, last longer ("I'll meet you in France later"). Bourgeois in dread of falling victims of a sanguinary "Red" winding-up on class lines. But above all Hunger coupled with annihilation of spirit that conducted to a sheep-like, snowball movement.

Subsequently cries of "*al Frente los Hombres!*" ("back to the firing-line, men!") did not find response. The starved and jaded *Hombres* were listless. Some came back with, "Send us to Mexico if we can't remain in France!" and the cry of "Mexico!" would spread around—among women, too. Away! away! from ghastly homeland of tragedy and suffering was working in these minds.

To return, after this wide detour, to Franco and monarchy. A decisive influence will be a youngish man probably at present unknown to the majority of you, yet

(*Continued on page 298*)

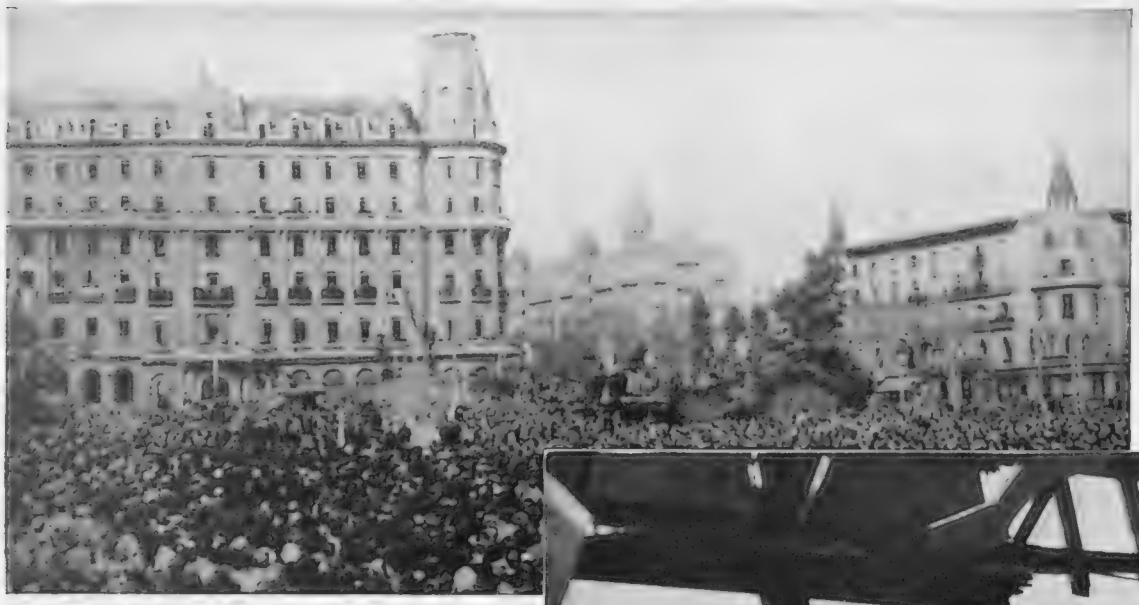
WHY DID THEY LEAVE GOVERNMENT SPAIN? This is a question that many have asked about the refugees who have poured from Catalonia into France. It appears from Mr. Tuohy's article that there were a host of reasons, not the least among which were "annihilation of spirit," and "dread of a sanguinary Red winding-up on class lines." The refugees in these pictures are far better clothed than the majority

LIFE BEGINS ANEW IN CAPTURED BARCELONA

Pictures Taken Since the Occupation of the City By General Franco's Victorious Catalan Army

ONE BY ONE BARCELONA'S SHOPS ARE REOPENING, but supplies both of food and luxuries are still terribly scarce and, as a result, queues, such as this outside a tobacconist's, often stretch for 50 yards or more. Since General Franco captured the city, its administration has been in the hands of General Alvarez Arenas, the civil and military governor, who has the last word in all matters appertaining to law and order, finance, sanitation, food supplies, and propaganda. Throughout this month he has been concentrating on bread distribution, serving out 350,000 small loaves every day

CLEFT FROM ROOF TO BASEMENT: A Barcelo... received a direct hit from one of the la... the whole the city does not present a v... during the twelve months preceding its ... for the most part concentrated upon ...



VICTORY MASS IN THE PLAZA DE CATALUNA: A glimpse of the great crowd which attended the service held in celebration of General Franco's capture of Barcelona. The buildings in the background, it will be seen, are absolutely intact

On right— HER HOME IN RUINS: A picture taken on the same wrecked site as that illustrated above. It shows a girl contemplating the havoc wrought by a high-explosive bomb in one of the last big raids before Barcelona's fall. The photographer who took this picture states that he saw the girl stand motionless amid the debris for at least half an hour

THE WRECKED DOCK AREA: A scene on one of Barcelona's shattered wharves, evidencing the havoc wrought by the insurgent bombers which made this part of the city their especial target

THE FACADE OF THE CATALAN CAPITAL viewed through a wrecked building in the much-bombed port area. Barcelona is very far from being a derelict city despite the intensive bombing to which it has been subjected, but as yet little of its pre-war animation has returned

and the sight of half-mile-long bread que... first batch of regulations designed to re... published. All prices are being fixed by ... purpose, and all Government money ...

building that must have high-explosive bombs. On damaged appearance, as ture the insurgent bombers port and its shipping

itiful in the extreme. The usiness has already been nittees appointed for the ince July 1936 is worthless

FRANCE and the REFUGEE PROBLEM: 380,000 Spanish Combatants and Civilians Crowd the Camps

ON THE BEACH AT ARGELÈS where 70,000 Republicans have been accommodated following the flight from Catalonia, their presence placing a great strain on the resources of the French authorities. It is estimated that since the beginning of February 380,000 refugees have entered France. The civilians among them, numbering 150,000, have nearly all been sent to interior departments, particularly in the west and south-west. Of the 230,000 refugee soldiers thus left 60,000 have been repatriated or are about to be repatriated to Nationalist Spain. The rest are interned at Argelès, St. Cyprien, Arles-sur-Tech, Amelie les Bains, Prats de Mollo, and Le Boulou. The whole camp of Argelès is supplied by only three pumps. The number of tents remains painfully inadequate, so behind their barbed-wire barriers the militiamen have dug holes in the wet sand

CHOKING THE NARROW STREETS OF THE PYRENEAN FRONTIER TOWN OF COLLIOURE: Spanish Republican troops pictured during the last stages of their flight into France after the collapse of their line on the Catalan front. On February 14, 15,000 more of these dejected warriors poured across the border, bringing the total of combatant refugees to over 230,000. Thereafter the influx diminished to manageable proportions

PROSPERITY GONE WITH THE WIND: Dust-storms coursing across the plains of Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma have of recent years created many a desolate scene such as this in what was once a thriving farm belt, the rich, black top soil giving place to a sandy waste which it would be hopelessly unprofitable to cultivate. The Federal Government fully realises the gravity of the situation, and since 1935 has been tackling the problem in practical fashion by instituting a giant programme of re-afforestation. Already it is becoming apparent that the millions of newly-planted trees are acting as an effective barrier to the dust-laden winds

AT THE FOREST SERVICE NURSERY AT MANGUM, OKLAHOMA, millions of young desert willow trees are being carefully reared for planting in America's central farm belt where they will serve as a brake upon the all-destroying winds

A POTENTIAL WIND-BREAK NEAR NELIGH, NEBRASKA, being examined by a forestry official a few weeks after planting

ALREADY REAPING GOOD RESULTS is this wind-break set up on the William Anson farm in Nebraska. Eventually similar barriers will stretch right through six states and over 6,000 miles

SAVING AMERICA'S DUST BOWL FOR AGRICULTURE

A Giant Re-afforestation Programme which may Restore Prosperity to the Stricken Farm Belt

AMERICA'S SOUTH IS STILL SUNNY

Though Political and Economic Difficulties Continue to Abound

By NELSON SPRINGER

A SHORT while ago I had occasion to write an article on the "Sunny South." It was concerned with the economic condition of the south, which is admittedly bad. Most southerners with whom I have talked not only agree that this is so, but are even bitter about it. With a considerable measure of justification, they blame it on the influence of northern capital. My article was based in part on an extensive report to the President of the United States, whose ardent sympathy with the south and its problems is well known, and whose appointments of southerners to high office are so numerous as to be remarkable. He is also one of the most outspoken, adverse critics of economic processes in the south.

My article was also based on my own travels in the south, where I have also lived and worked, and have made many warm and highly esteemed friends. After a brief restatement of what I believe to be the psychological and organic basis of the south's difficulty, I want this time to give a happier picture, one, indeed, that will show the still remaining sunny aspects of the south.

"THE SUNNY SOUTH" SHOWN GEOGRAPHICALLY AND POLITICALLY: This sketch map has been specially prepared to accompany Nelson Springer's second article on the Sunny South of America. The states included in this term "Sunny South" are, he writes, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Texas. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are in character southern states, but they remained in the Union at the time of the civil war, while West Virginia is also in character a southern state. It broke away from Virginia, of which it was originally a part, in order to stay in the Union under President Lincoln

Climate, soil, early concentration of wealth in the hands of a relatively small landed gentry, and a sharp and prolonged economic conflict with the industrial north have combined to make the sunny south an exceedingly distinct and highly self-conscious entity within an entity. The fact that the south lost the civil war, that the post-war "reconstruction" policy of northern politicians, who were also rascals, was as devilish as it was stupid, and that since then, until the time of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the south has had but little voice in the national government has increased its self-consciousness.

That this withdrawal should bear a great deal of bitter fruit was as natural as it was unfortunate. Extreme poverty has contrasted too sharply with extreme wealth. The southern capitalist has tended to impose on free labour the same standards that were imposed on slave labour. And southerners generally have tended to live in the past. This is as understandable as it is regrettable.

From this point of view, the other section of the United States which the south most closely represents is, curiously enough, its apparent antithesis, New England. Swamped by immigration from Latin and Slavic Europe, its industries staggering under the impact of forces it could not anticipate, temperamentally opposed to the rough-and-ready population of the country "west of the Hudson," the graceful, suave, damascene-edged, intellectual, "blue-stocking" English denizens of Back Bay Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, Lancaster, Hingham, and Newburyport, to indicate typical centres, have also become an exceedingly distinct and highly self-conscious "entity within an entity."

I am not attacking. I am stating a problem. I hope I am stating it with sympathy, although the inevitable limits of editorial space impose a directness of utterance that may not be compatible with tenderness.

Notwithstanding these developments, the sunny south can be sunny, just as the Maine coast, or the Berkshires of western Massachusetts, or Keene Valley, which has been called "the happy valley," in New Hampshire, can be the most alluring and beguiling vacation spots in the world. Lake Toxaway, high in the mountains of North Carolina, is a paradise of wild azaleas, laurels, and rhododendrons. Northern Virginia, the home—and the resting-place—of George Washington, the most barren region in the nation's proudest state, is graced by some of the most beautiful and the most imposing of early American architecture.

Richmond, Virginia, where Robert E. Lee, possibly the greatest general the United States has ever produced, made his last stand against U.S. Grant, is a city presenting the aspect of a large and homogeneous park. Its broad streets, its graceful lawns, its ancient trees, its palatial homes are a never-ending feast to the eyes. It reminds one of Ferrara, as Ferrara must have been under the gracious rule of the benign, the enlightened, and the sensitive Leonello. It has been called the most beautiful city in the United States, and it may deserve the title, if Charleston, South Carolina, is not a rival. Certainly it preserves in every detail the charm and the elegance which have always marked the "first families of Virginia."

Tennessee, where my grandfathers fought and bled, at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, one for the Union and one for the Confederacy, is a dreaming and somnolent land, so peaceful in its marshy luxuriance that it is difficult to picture it as the scene of the fiercest battles of the civil war. From Missionary Ridge one looks out over the key city of Chattanooga and the valley of the Tennessee River, upon a land of almost exotic vegetation, rich in its soft colouring, glamorous with haze, brilliant with sunshine. From Lookout Mountain one surveys, on a clear day, at least some of the territory of seven states, a world of mountains and valleys and lakes and rivers, on which a population, however large, has still to make any considerable impression, and which still appears to be waiting for its destiny, for the prince who will awaken the sleeping beauty with his kiss.

Even the considerable industry of the country, deriving from its natural resources which are rich beyond the dream of potentates and princes, and which have scarcely been scratched, can help to convey the inevitable splendour of the land. Anyone who arrives by train in Chattanooga at night must pass through the miles of gleaming coke-ovens, and see the flame-lit, blackened faces of the workers, like "the slaves of the lamp," and be quite sure of the source of Doré's illustrations for the "Inferno."

To the north lies Nashville, seat of Vanderbilt University, possibly the south's most important educational institution (with genuflections in the direction of the law school of the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson), and the centre of a literary group which, a few years ago, was making a large and impressive contribution to American poetry.

Recently, I have passed through Alabama several times, but only passed through. My only important recollections of the state are very remote, of the time that I lived in Mobile, and of my Creole nurse, whom I adored, and of my eternal importunities to "take the baby to the bay." Much more recently, Alabama has seriously addressed itself to the solution of the frightful "Scottsboro case," and, in doing so, has made one of the most important contributions to the solution of the negro problem.

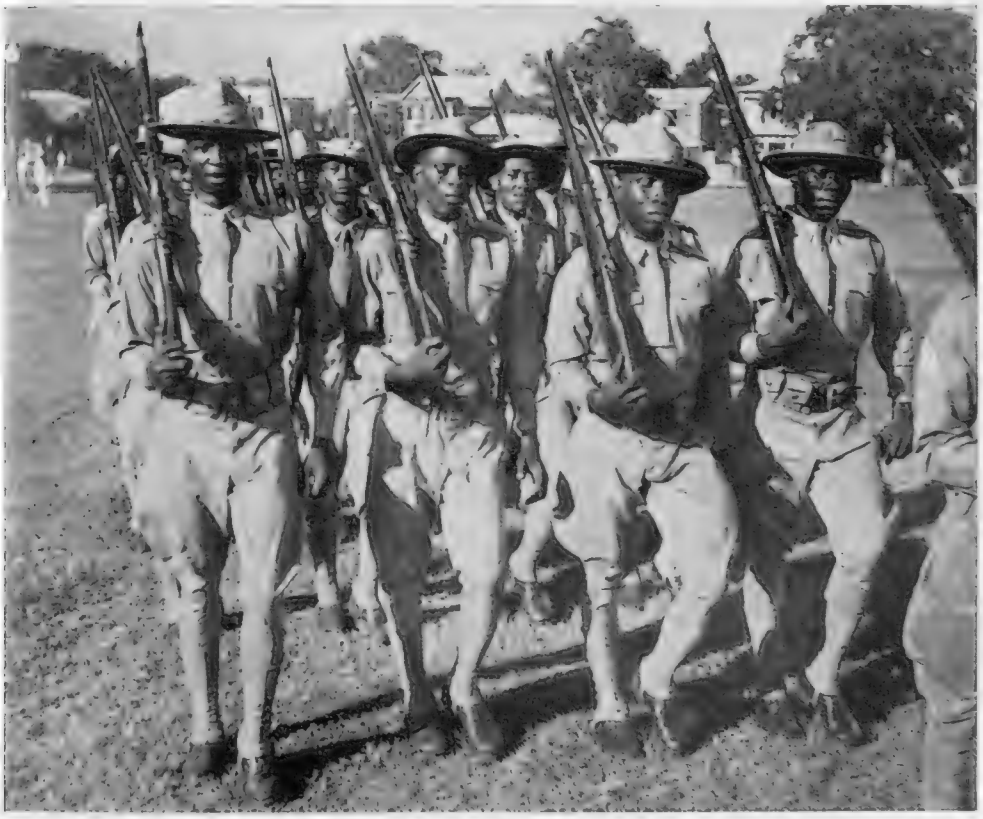
Notably, a public-spirited and enlightened trial judge, who felt that what actually was happening was that his personal honour and the honour of the south were on trial, has risked, and has possibly ended (all honour to his name), his public career to decide wisely a case in which it was clear that absolute justice could not be done, who realised that the supreme issue was the social integrity of a commonwealth, and that extra-legal methods were

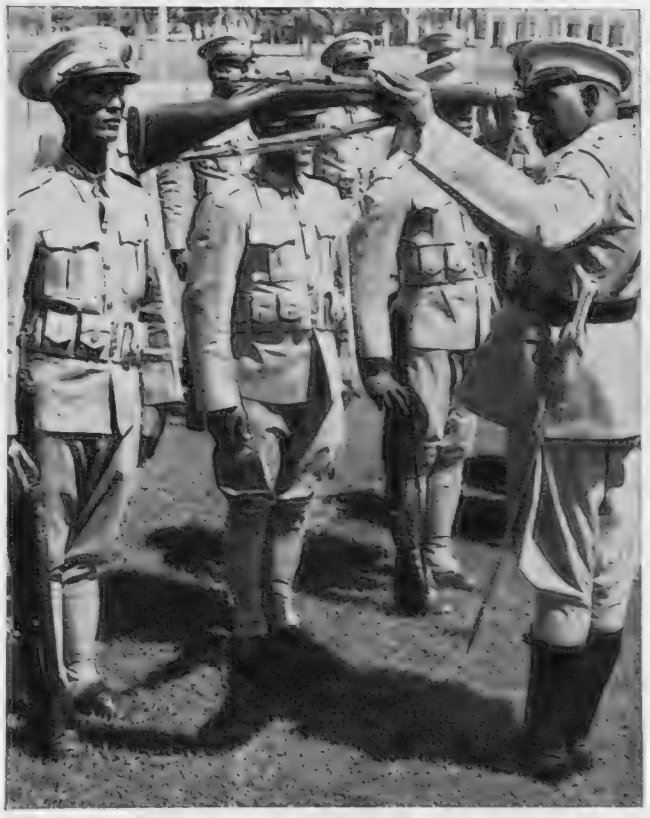
(Continued on page 298)

AMERICA HELPS HAITI BUILD A MODERN ARMY

A Military Mission Moulds An Efficient All-Negro Force

MINDFUL OF THE HEROIC TOUSSAINT who paved the way for the creation of the all-Negro republic, Haiti is to-day building up a modern army under the direction of Colonel P. Jules André (*above*) and with the help of two high American officers, Colonel Samuel Heidner and Major Douglas Smith, who are seen (*right*) with their three coloured staff officers. Colonel Heidner and Major Smith have opened a college for the instruction of negro officers and already the first forty cadets are undergoing training. Although on an island, Haiti has to have an efficient fighting force not only for safeguarding the republic internally, but for defending the 120-mile land frontier separating her from the Dominican Republic, with which she is not on the best of terms. America's interest in Haiti is linked with her famous "good neighbour" policy





HAITI'S ARMY ON PARADE: *Above*—Members of the all-negro force marching to the presidential palace at Port au Prince—the capital—for a spell of guard duty. *Above on right*—Rifle inspection by a negro officer. The army consists of about 3,000 men, and their many duties include policing the rural areas, policing the capital, prison supervision, and maintaining border patrol

On left—BEANS AND RICE form the principal diet in the Haitian army. A picture taken at dinner-time in the barracks at Port au Prince where 500 men are constantly stationed

On right—DOING THE WASHINGTON POST: The Haitian army band playing a stirring military march by the great Sousa whose works dominate their as yet strictly limited repertoire

JAPAN'S SEIZURE OF HAINAN

And Other Big Developments in the Far-Eastern War Reviewed

By F. E. DEAN

ON February 10 Japan seized Hainan Island off the coast of French Indo-China. Hainan has been acknowledged as "in the French zone of influence" since 1897, when the Chinese Government entered into an agreement with France not to cede or otherwise dispose of the island to any other Power. Ten years later Japan formally recognised the French claims.

Last summer, however, before the fall of Canton, a spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office was quoted as having said that Japan would occupy Hainan "if this became necessary for the purpose of defeating General Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo of the Chinese armies." The Japanese Government had several times accused France of assisting China by allowing shipments of arms across Indo-China. While such an act could hardly be called illegal in an undeclared war, France was reported to have promised that such shipments would be discontinued if Japan would respect the French "zone."

When the Japanese threat to Hainan seemed imminent last June, questions were asked in the British Parliament about Great Britain's attitude. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, replied that both the British and French, through their Ambassadors in Tokyo, had made it clear to the Japanese Government that any occupation of Hainan would undoubtedly "give rise to undesirable consequences."

Since the recent seizure of this strategic island, France has entered the strongest protests, and Great Britain is said to be preparing to make a similar move. If, as is now reported, the Japanese are intending to use Hainan as an air base, it will become a threat not only to British and French possessions in the Far East but also will menace the American-protected Philippines.

For many months before the capture of Hainan, Japan was moving large bodies of troops to various points in South China. In October, thirty-two Japanese warships entered Futsing, only 30 miles from the important city of Foochow, and landed troops there. Others entered through Swatow, another South China port, while large contingents poured into the Canton area. Early in the new year the Japanese took possession of a small island near Hainan in the Gulf of Tongking. So Japan was marshalling her forces near Hong Kong and Indo-China while her anti-comintern ally, Italy, pressed France for concessions in the west.

Although Japan gains her military objectives one after another, once in her possession many of them have lost much of their political value. A year ago the capture of Nanking was to have meant the collapse of the Chinese Government. In October last the fall of Canton, the last China seaport, and of Hankow, the new capital, was to have ended Chinese resistance. Yet China fights on. With the capital and military headquarters removed to Chungking, 1,400 miles from the coast, Chiang Kai-shek still defies the invading enemy forces.

After Japan's October victories it was inevitable that there should be talk of peace. We have it on the authority of the Chinese Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Hu Shih, that the Chinese Government made indirect peace overtures to Japan after the fall of Hankow but could not accept the terms Japan offered. Since the Japanese militarists have frequently declared that they will enter into no negotiations with General Chiang Kai-shek, it is to be presumed that his dismissal from the Chinese Government was the first requirement. The statement issued in Tokyo early in November said that "Japan would not reject Chinese co-operation in establishing peace and stability in Eastern Asia if the Central Chinese Government would repudiate its past policy and remould its personnel."

The Chinese Government replied by a vote of confidence in General Chiang. General Chiang, in turn, issued a proclamation to the Chinese nation declaring that anti-Japanese resistance would continue. He urged the people not to "misinterpret withdrawals as retreats." China's main base, he asserted, "lies in its vast hinterland, and China's policy will aim at continuing to draw the enemy farther into the interior, there to play a passive role."

Using Hankow as a new base of operations, Japan is pushing on towards that hinterland. Having closed all the sea coast of China against the importation of foreign munitions, she has now turned her attention north-westward towards the overland traffic from Russia. The province of Shensi, stronghold of the 8th Route Army (once the Red Army of China), has been her recent objective. Japanese planes have bombed Yenan, former "red capital," while Sian, western terminus of the Lunghai railway, has suffered repeated raids. If the Japanese army can be thrust like a wedge between Chungking and Shensi, it will serve the twofold purpose of cutting the Chinese Government off from Russian supplies and also from its powerful fighting arm, the 8th Route Army.

From central China have come reports of "some very destructive and terrifying air raids." Nanchang, once the rich provincial capital of Kiangsi, was heavily damaged in November by successive flights of bombers. One day in December a fleet of nearly 200 Japanese planes spread their deadly wings over half a dozen provinces, dropping bombs on cities as far apart as Changsha, in Hunan; Sian, in Shensi; Kweilin, in Kwangsi; and Chungking, in Szechuan. Of Changsha little remains since the fleeing Chinese troops left it last November in charred ruins which Japanese bombs have now obliterated.

Yet not all these spectacular, destructive military successes have succeeded in securing China to Japan. Only the cities in which she maintains garrisons can be said to be under Japanese control. The countryside beyond a 10-mile radius of Peiping, Nanking, Hangchow, Canton, Shanghai, and many another conquered city is held by armed bands of Chinese guerrillas, who harry the Japanese outposts and prevent trade with the country people.

Recent Japanese efforts to gain prominent Chinese leaders for the puppet governments at Peiping and Nanking have so far proved abortive. Reports that Marshal Wu Pei-fu had consented to act as head of the combined government Japan was trying to effect between Peiping and Nanking. Marshal Wu, though a defeated war-lord of the old regime, has prestige as a great personality and a man of culture, and it is conceivable that his name might have lured some adherents from the Nationalist Chinese Government at Chungking. But latest dispatches say that Marshal Wu is in hiding from his would-be Japanese patrons, in Peiping.

With Mr. Wang Ching-wei, until recently chairman of the Chinese Government Political Council and Deputy Executive under General Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese apparently made better progress. He left Chungking in late December and from the safety of French Indo-China offered to discuss peace terms with the Japanese Government. His position at Chungking and his prestige as one of the founders of the Chinese Republic gave great importance to his defection which seemed, indeed, to threaten the fall of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. But Wang's prestige, and with it his value to the Japanese, diminished when the Chinese Government stripped him of all his offices and voted renewed confidence in General Chiang. Once more the Japanese had snatched a victory that turned to ashes in their grasp.

Other events also have tended to detract from Japan's satisfaction with her military successes. One of these was the completion last December of the Chinese highway from Chungking to Burma. Shipments of arms to China have already been made over this route.

The stiffening attitude of the democratic powers is another obstacle to Japan's immediate realisation of her plans for China. Notes from the United States and Great Britain reaffirm the refusal of these two nations to recognise Japan's conquests of Chinese territory or her "new order" for a Chinese puppet government. The notes insist on Japan's adherence to the "open door" policy of equal opportunity for all nations to trade with China—a policy which Japan has been disregarding in the territories she has conquered. This is being particularly felt just now on the Yangtse which Japan has closed to foreign shipping between Shanghai and Hankow. The Japanese plea that the river is dangerous because of unexploded mines seems unreasonable in view of the increasing Japanese river trade.

IN THIS GORGE COUNTRY OF SOUTHERN AN-HWEI, the picturesque Chinese province that stretches away to the south-west of Shanghai, China's 4th Army continues to wage war against the Japanese and is succeeding with remarkable skill in harassing the over-extended lines of communication. The 4th Army has been organised from the force of Chinese Communists which remained in this part of the country when the bulk of the "Reds" made their "long march" to Shensi in 1933

ONCE A CHINESE TEMPLE, but now a hospital of the 4th Chinese Army, the force which continues to fight against the Japanese in southern An-Hwei, its presence representing a constant menace to Japan's position

MEMBERS OF THE 4th ARMY BASE HOSPITAL STAFF: The army is all Communist but, whereas it was fighting the Government of China only a few years ago, it is now co-operating with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and playing a patriotic part in defying the Japanese invaders. The famous 8th Army is doing similarly effective work in the north

The MAGIC BEAUTY *of* AN-HWEI :

A Mountain Province Now Touched by the Chinese War

THE DELICACY OF AN EARLY CHINESE PAINTING finds expression in this picture taken amid the Yellow Mountains of An-Hwei, the beautiful province which stretches away to the south-west of Shanghai and which since 2,000 B.C. has been immortalised in song and painting by the poets and artists of China.

To-day An-Hwei is once again in the news, for Chinese guerrilla troops of the 4th Army are fighting there with rare courage and doing much to harass Japanese communications. It is doubtful, though, whether there has been much activity in the actual fastnesses depicted here, for the Yellow Mountain region is inaccessible in the extreme

An-Hwei is one of the loveliest of all the Chinese provinces, the rugged beauty of its great peaks in the Yellow Mountains inspiring many to look upon the region as an abode of the gods. To-day the tide of war is flowing across An-Hwei, but the almost roadless mountain district, where sages and holy men have so often gone to live out their lives in seclusion, no doubt remains aloof from the actual fighting

On left—SCALING THE SNOWY HEIGHTS OF HWANG SHAN, or the Yellow Mountains, in An-Hwei province, would seem at first sight to be an intensely difficult undertaking, but a close look at the left-hand side of this picture shows a series of steps leading up to the summit. This particular peak has for centuries been a place of pilgrimage, and many a Chinese sage has withdrawn from the world and gone to live there in lofty solitude

RISING ABOVE THE MISTY GORGES are the majestic heights of the Yellow Mountains, one glimpse of which explains why for centuries Chinese artists have delighted to make them the subject of their delicately lovely paintings. In the foreground is a pilgrim's way

JIBUTI: To Fra

JIBUTI FROM THE SEA: A distant view of the port of French So-mali to which Italy has turned her attention, claiming concessions there on the ground that at present it acts as a toll-gate on her Imperial communications and renders prohibitive the transport of goods to Ad

WHEN THE SOMALI PASTORALISTS COME IN TO TRADE: Typical native folk of French Somaliland pictured in the market at Jibuti. Under the French regime they have made notable strides, their peaceable mode of living contrasting with the bloodthirsty cunning of their kin in the wilder parts of Italian Ethiopia. The Somalis are mostly Muhammadans, and nearly all those who do not keep flocks are fishermen

IN THE LONG SHADOWS OF THE EARLY MORNING: A Jibuti street scene, showing in the centre fishermen on the way down to the shore, carrying their paddles and other paraphernalia. Talking with a native boy are two members of the European colony, which in normal times numbers between 640 and 700 people out of a total population of 34,000. The Europeans in Jibuti are mostly merchants and they have a reputation for hospitality to visitors. *On right*—A handsome native girl

THE HOTTEST TOWN ON
Lanky Somalis walking
main streets in Jibu
typical of French co
such as one might find
and on the whole ra
amenities. There are no
importance, the town
prosperity on the trade
which has very much in
Massawa road was b
loped over the question

On right—
PASTORALISTS FORGATHER
land for the weekly
market in Jibuti when
flocks and herds to
busy days the babel is

...nce a Half-way House — To Italy a Toll-gate

...lland ...re on ...com ...Addis

Ababa. France, on the other hand, looks upon Jibuti as a half-way house on her line of contact with her Far Eastern possessions. There is much military activity there, and only last week it was announced that the French naval forces had been strengthened by the arrival of a destroyer and an escort vessel

...N THE RED SEA: ...along one of the ... The buildings are ...onial architecture ...in Algiers or Tunis, ... place has many ...o industries of any ...depending for its ... with Addis Ababa, ...minished since the ... and tension deve- ...of port concessions

...ER from the hinter- ...sheep and cattle ... they trade their ...d advantage. On ...most indescribable

BEADS DELIGHT THE SOMALI'S HEART and the womenfolk never weary of buying such trinkets when they come into market. The more sophisticated Somalis are fond of western dress, but to European eyes it is doubtful whether they improve their appearance by rigging themselves out in cheap, printed cotton frocks of the type depicted *below*

This charming aquatint, the work of Charles H. Spencer, A.R.E., is attracting admiring attention at the fifty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, now being held at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. The exhibition is also particularly notable for a number of works by the late Frederick Griggs

"A CHURCH IN BEDFORDSHIRE"

"THE PLOUGH": A wood engraving by George Soper, who is well known for his sympathetic treatment of rural subjects

INSPIRATION FROM THE RURAL SCENE

At the Fifty-Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers

TWO IMPORTANT ART SHOWS

At the R.W.S. and the Royal Institute Galleries

DESIGN FOR DRINKING: This panel, depicting a public house snack bar, is the joint work of James Proudfoot, R.O.I., and John Leigh Pemberton, R.O.I., and is on view at the 1939 exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters at the Royal Institute Galleries, W.1. Mr. Proudfoot is one of the leading, younger Chelsea artists and has scored several notable successes in the present show

AT the R.W.S. Galleries in Conduit Street, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers are holding their fifty-seventh annual exhibition, and an amazingly good exhibition it is, certainly well worth a visit before it closes on March 2.

Nine of the exquisite etchings of the late F. L. Griggs, R.A., appear as a memorial section at the beginning of the catalogue and set a high standard for the rest of the exhibition, but there is no feeling of disappointment in the display that follows.

Some forceful, full-toned wood engravings by George Soper and C. W. Taylor have caught the spirit of the English countryside. The richness and solidity of wood-engraving somehow seems eminently suitable for recording the atmosphere of rural England, and Mr. Taylor's "Sussex" is a striking example of the masterful and characteristic handling of his subject.

Hubert Freeth's portrait of Campbell Dodgson exhibits the art of the etcher at its best; fine line-work is skilfully employed to portray the character and personality of the sitter—and S. Van Abbé's masterly portrait of Mr. Justice Roche ("Summing Up") is a brilliant piece of work, the lighting on the white wig against the dark background giving the head just the right amount of emphasis.

Amongst a variety of subjects, Stanley Anderson, R.A., exhibits a delightful study in "The Blind Musician," combining a hint of tragic realism with an undercurrent of freedom and fresh air—beautifully handled.

The Royal Institute Galleries is now occupied by the exhibition of the National Society, which includes painters, sculptors, engravers and potters, and although, perhaps, as a whole the exhibition is a little overborne by the brilliant splashes of the oil-colourists there are undoubtedly several excellent specimens of work in all branches.

Obviously the most striking exhibit is a panel occupying a central position on the east wall of the main room. At a first glance it appears to be made up of three separated

"SUSSEX" BY CHARLES W. TAYLOR: A pleasing, full-toned wood engraving in the fifty-seventh annual exhibition of Painter-Etchers and Engravers at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1. The richness and solidity of this medium as exemplified by this artist would seem to be ideally suited to portraying the rural scene

"THE RAINBOW, BRIXHAM": An aquatint and etching by W. Westley Manning at the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers

sections, but this is due to the yellow spiral columns forming part of the structure of the saloon. Painted by James Proudfoot, R.O.I., and John Leigh Pemberton, R.O.I., the panel gives an excellent impression of a snack bar—from the working side. The peculiar smoky atmosphere of such places is subtly conveyed and the whole is quite a convincing likeness of the brass-bound snack bar. The foreground is filled with a variety of cold meats including a large ham, which is about to be carved by a chef. Two bearded figures in the background both bear a certain resemblance to Mr. Proudfoot. The spectator must decide for himself whether Mr. Pemberton painted the bottles and Mr. Proudfoot the siphons or vice versa.

Sir Muirhead Bone's drawing in the west gallery of "Coronation Night" (194) is an inspiring and vivid representation of the seething, excited crowds collected outside Buckingham Palace on this festive occasion. The whole drawing is brilliantly alive, and the artist has cleverly handled a subject which might all too easily have appeared dull and formal—instilled it with life and vitality and caught the very essence of excitement.

Some very charming water-colours and paintings can be found in the R.B.A. Galleries, where the Army Officers' Art Society is exhibiting. Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Goddard is showing a delightful little group of water-colours which are finished with the delicacy of a miniature, and a collection of painted wooden silhouettes by Lieut. E. V. Howell make an interesting record of the Infantry uniform from 1572 up to 1854. Some pencil drawings of fishermen by Major-General Sir D. M. Percival are very well done, and Major J. B. Arbuthnot has painted some striking pictures of Jamaica and Tahiti. I. B.

"SUFFOLK LANDSCAPE": Full of subtle charm is this work by William T. Wood, R.W.S., R.O.I., at the 1939 exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters. Mr. Wood is at his best in depicting the English countryside and, as a native of East Anglia, portrays that particular part of the country with rare skill

THEY CALL IT MILLIONAIRES' ROW: Kensington Palace Gardens is one of the most important pieces of Crown property in London and is undoubtedly the most exclusive residential area

BRITAIN'S GREATEST ESTATE:

The Story of the Crown Lands: How George III Gave Them to the People's Keeping

By NOEL THOMPSON

CROWN lands are not controlled by the King. The greatest estate in the country provides money for the people.

There is a widespread idea that if you have a Crown lease, or are a tenant of Crown lands, you are bound by all sorts of curious restrictions. Before I set out to make inquiries, friends said, "I know; you must not alter a building, or decorate, without all sorts of peculiar clauses having to be negotiated." I want at the start to blow such theories sky-high, and there is no need of a bomb to do so. Any agreement or lease for Crown property is exactly the same as you will sign with any landowner or landlord through an estate agent.

Having disposed of that canard let us walk from Charing Cross down Whitehall to the headquarters of the Commissioners of Crown Lands, No. 55 Whitehall. I say "walk" because I discovered that taxi drivers do not recognise numbering in Whitehall (admittedly the number 55 is tucked away on a small plate inside a porch) and the name Commissioners of Crown Lands meant nothing to my driver. On the left as you walk down Whitehall, just before you reach the War Office and almost opposite the Horse Guards Parade entrance is the block of offices which produced, according to the last available figure, £1,330,000 for the Treasury in the course of a year from Crown lands.

Now it is necessary to go back into history for a moment. Up till the time of George III the King provided most of the money for the defence services and the running of the country. Much of this came from rents and taxes on land owned by the Crown. There was then a Surveyor-General's office to look after that part of the revenue. George III made over the revenue at last to the Treasury, which made him a grant and kept the balance yearly for the benefit of the nation. Since that date every king of Great Britain, on his accession to the throne, signs a document making over the money from Crown lands. In its stead, he receives payment for himself and the Royal family, and dependants, from the Civil List, voted by Parliament. And Acts of Parliament control the Crown lands through the Treasury.

The original body looking after Crown property was, after the Surveyor-General, the Commissioners for Woods, Forests, Land Revenues, and Public Buildings. The Woods and Forests section is now in the hands of the Forestry Commission and the Buildings under the Office of Works.

On December 8, 1924, the Commissioners of Crown Lands, all that remains of the original title, came into being. Notice the plural, for there are two Commissioners. One is permanent, appointed by the Treasury, and he is Mr. C. L. Stocks, C.B. The second is *ex officio* the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith.

The basic fact is that the 261,500 acres of Crown land, which does not include foreshores, or land where the Crown owns the mineral but not the surface rights, is controlled and managed for the benefit of the public. In other words, the Commissioners are glorified estate agents, a phrase which was agreed to with a laugh when I suggested it.

Now where does this land lie? There are about 138,000 acres of agricultural land. This is mainly in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Wiltshire. The building property is naturally mainly in London and Greater London.

It is an interesting point that the average rent is only £8 an acre. Naturally you would expect Windsor Parks (including Virginia Water), Bagshot Park and the adjoining plantations to be Royal property, but I had no idea that their total area amounted to 13,000 acres. Much of this land is woodland, heathland, or parkland.

In connection with this Berkshire property I found it fascinating to hear some of the figures. For instance, the sale of venison, the skins and horns of the deer, etc., brings in some £1,150 a year. The sale of timber from the estate adds to the receipts, when added to the produce, by some £3,500 a year and from the various houses on the estate with the right to have an entry on to the park, the "keys of gates" brings in another round £250 a year. There is also the little-known saw-mill on the Windsor estate. This produces nearly £1,800 a year. The total produced is only about an eighth, however, of the expenditure. Rates, repairs, salaries, maintenance (£28,000) and planting and maintenance of plantations (£16,000) run away with the money. Food for the game and deer alone comes to over £600 a year. But that is enough of one estate. What about Wales and Monmouth, for instance? Well, the Crown owns about 77,000 acres of waste land and most of the mineral rights with them. Should gold, now being found increasingly, prove profitable, the Crown, i.e., the public, will benefit, because the Crown has mineral rights in a further 258,000 acres.

As a contrast, the Crown owns certain fishings in the river Wye, that glorious salmon river. In Scotland, too, the Crown owns, apart from about 26,000 acres of moorland, several fishings. In Ireland rights in the Free State (now Eire) passed to the Free State Government in 1923; in the North of Ireland I was told that land was just "unimprovable rents."

There are about 13,500 acres in the Isle of Man, and harbour dues and quarry rents in the Isle of Alderney. The adjoining Isle of Burhou belongs to the Crown entirely. That shows some of the ramifications of the super estate agents, known as the Commissioners of Crown Lands, in their efforts to produce £1,330,000 for national revenue.

Much of the work necessitates delving back into history. I found, for instance, on the receipts side of a report a mention of the Rolls Estate. I wonder what this is, and make inquiries. Sure enough there is a story behind it. In 1837 a Rolls Estate was acquired. It is land in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane. There was a condition that there must always be kept by the Crown a separate account, and here, 102 years later, a separate account is being duly kept—the only named estate in the official report.

And so, skipping the involved question of foreshore rights—the rights of the Crown to all land between high and low tides; of manorial incidents—old manorial rights which must be extinguished by 1940, we reach mining rights and royalties. This is such an involved problem that I quote only one set of figures. There is a chief surveyor and inspector of mines. His salary is £1,000 a year, and is divided between the various countries in this curious proportion: England, £631 19s.; Wales and Monmouth, £52 13s. 6d.; Scotland, £302; Ireland, £2 8s.; Isle of Man, £7 6s.; Alderney, 13s. 6d. Don't ask me why.

And so at last we come to Crown lands in London. Chief agents for these are Messrs. Cluttons, of 5, Great College Street. Their offices, however, are on lands owned by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Part of John Barkers is on Crown land, yet only a segment of Whitehall, which you would expect to be owned by the Crown, actually is so.

Millionaires' Row, as Kensington Palace Gardens has been nicknamed, is Crown property, with its roadway and exclusive gates at either end. Regent Street from the Queen's Hall to Piccadilly Circus and from Margaret Street to Piccadilly Circus on the other side of the street is on Crown land—and very valuable it is, too. The house where the King and Queen used to live, 145, Piccadilly, is on Crown land, and so are many of the clubs in Whitehall.

Biggest block of all surrounds Regent's Park. The Duchess of Windsor, when she rented a house in Chester Terrace, was on Crown land. All the way round the park there are huge blocks of property, not only overlooking the park, with its glorious greenery, its exclusive quiet, its dignified approach, but also backing away into the almost slum area towards Camden Town. This area is now being rebuilt. Round Regent's Park now are some of the highest residential rents. They are entered into the same account books as those of small one-room shops. Their common bond is that they are on Crown land.

In answer to my query an official pondered as to whether rents in London would rise or fall in the near future. On the whole, he thought, a maximum had been reached. Various districts rise and fall as trade varies, or building schemes and flats progress and "improve" an area. "But we see a general tendency to drop in the future," said this ace of estate agents.

I wanted to discover the capital value of the Crown lands. As this would take at least two months of investigation and cost about 2,000 guineas I let the matter drop.

REGENT STREET IS ALSO CROWN LAND, and very valuable it is, indeed, bringing in yearly rents of enormous value to the national revenue

THE VIVID CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH LIFE

A battery of the new 3·7-in. anti-aircraft guns pictured at Wellington Barracks where they are manned by regulars of the Royal Artillery who are combining with the Territorials in London's big defence scheme. The London Anti-Aircraft Division now has its full quota of 3·7's—a reassuring fact indeed—while since the Regular batteries were brought in from the provinces, the metropolis is now defended by 70 per cent. of its total gun establishment. The 3·7 is the most efficient weapon of its type yet produced, being able to fire twelve rounds a minute to a height well above the maximum altitude it is at present possible for bombers of any foreign power to attain when fully loaded

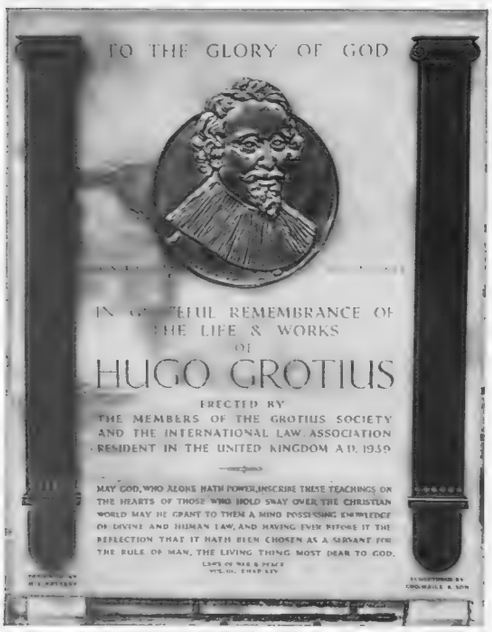
WAYS *of* WAR

Gathering the first snowdrops of the year in a garden near Torquay. The recent spell of mild weather has brought them on apace and the crocuses are not far behind

The cox holds up his hand to signal defeat as King's III are bumped on the big bend by Lady Margaret V during the Cambridge Lent races on the Cam

PATHS *of* PEACE

THE MODERN DAMIEN: This is Kenneth Leslie Goddard, a twenty-six-year-old London tobacconist, who has just left for Tanganyika where he is to found a leper colony. Spare-time study at his Fulham home has enabled him to master the necessary medical facts



HONOURING THE FOUNDER OF INTERNATIONAL LAW: This marble tablet to Hugo Grotius has been unveiled by the Earl of Athlone in the Dutch Church in Austin Friars, E.C., on behalf of the Grotius Society and the members of the International Law Association in the United Kingdom. Grotius, who lived between 1583 and 1645, was the greatest jurist of his time. Even as a child he showed remarkable ability and was able to write Latin verses at the age of nine

A GIRL WITH A GOLDEN VOICE: This is Miss Doris Manson, of Wanstead, who has just been awarded the Poetry Society's gold medal for verse speaking

PERSONAL COLUMN

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

CHARLES LAMB LIVES AGAIN

In Miss Thornton Cook's Biographical Novel "Justly Dear"

"Charles Lamb, to those who know thee
justly dear
For rarest genius and for sterling worth . . ."

By VERNON FANE

ROBERT SOUTHEY wrote those lines about his friend not long before the death of the gentle Elia. In his lifetime Lamb was a much beloved figure, and to this day his readers still hold him in the same affectionate regard. There have been greater writers, more brilliant essayists and more striking figures in the literary world, but Charles Lamb is something unique, an author whose own personality, mild as it was, outshines his work, and for whom love takes the place of a more distant admiration.

It would take the pen of the late E. V. Lucas to do justice to that odd, charming little soul, for he was of all men, I think, the most completely versed in the Lamb lore and his sympathy with him seemed to give him a kind of special insight into his character.

While there are writers to make books and readers to appreciate them, however, there will always be a cult for Charles Lamb, and the latest addition to it is **JUSTLY DEAR** (John Murray. 7s. 6d.), a biographical novel which Miss E. Thornton Cook has based on the lives of Charles Lamb and his sister Mary.

He is a "writer's writer," just as in his own day he was the boon companion of writers and poets. The circle of Lamb's friends seems to us like a marvel of brilliance, yet they would meet for whist and talk and a frugal meal on a far from Olympian scale of entertainment.

Another famous brother and sister, William and Dorothy Wordsworth, knew the Lambs well and were fond of them. Southey, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Keats, these were the constant visitors of that modest little *ménage*, and they were some comfort to Lamb during the tragic periods of his sister's recurring insanity. But of them all, Coleridge was the dearest, and at his death it may be that Lamb felt a little resigned towards the end of his own life, which came a few months later.

Miss Thornton Cook writes with the understanding of one who knows her subject well and affectionately. Her reconstruction of that life is based on the Johnsonian dictum that there is not a more perfect way "of writing any man's life, than not only relating all the most important events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote, and said, and thought, by which mankind are entitled, as it were, to see him live."

The book **INDIAN INK** (Cobden - Sanderson. 10s. 6d.) is the first by a young painter who is, whatever else, a born writer. I am not familiar with his painting so that there is no suspicion of offence about that observation. I simply recognise in this book the work of a man who writes with confidence, with restraint, with humour, sometimes with poetry and always with intelligence, and that combination is rare enough to be exciting.

In a way Mr. Philip Steegman writes like a painter. More exactly, he lives first through his eyes, second through his other senses and perceptions. It is natural with him to present a scene vividly, so that the first impression seems to be a visual one and is recorded in one's memory as such. He has, too, the painter's knack—or talent—of capturing and perpetuating one moment of an hour, one gesture in a continuous movement.

A year or two ago, Mr. Steegman, perhaps under the spur of economic necessity, went to India in search of new patrons of the arts, his own art of portrait painting in particular. He travelled there for two years, met rajahs and pukka sahibs and holy men, talked to lepers and A.D.C.s, had the privilege of visiting forbidden Nepal and the misfortune of suffering a severe bout of malaria. He kept his eyes and his ears open, and an open mind. Yes, on reflection, I should say that Mr. Steegman had an admirably open mind.

"If a very young artist," he writes at one point, "says of Gladstone or Lincoln or Tennyson or Monet that each was a complex-ridden and crashing old bore, he deserves a round of applause. He may be quite wrong, but he is quite right to say so. Looking at the world as he now finds it, a sullen, jealous and disillusioned affair, the first and most natural thing he does is to debunk his elders and betters whom he holds responsible for the mess. That is good enough for the very young artist; we can leave him to come to his senses later on."

There is a convention that artists are unconventional. If that means that they have spontaneity and a contempt for shibboleths, then Mr. Steegman is indeed an artist. But he is also a darn good writer.

Peter Corbett was a Southampton solicitor, with a wife and three children. He lived in a suburban, semi-detached house. One rainy night he and his family were disturbed by some loud bangs, which came nearer and nearer, until one shattered most of the windows in the house, and the lights went out.

Mr. Corbett, in fact, was experiencing the first sudden and unexpected air raid which had come upon him and upon the country without warning. The enemy were apparently able to wreak their havoc from the security of dense cloud, in which anti-aircraft guns and defence planes were powerless to intercept them. The raids continue; there is no news, for the wireless is cut off, and he can only collect the wildest rumours in the town. The water supply becomes contaminated by the blasting open of the main drainage system; an epidemic breaks out and a cordon is drawn round the town.

By the time the house next door has received a direct hit, Mr. Corbett has to decide to get away, with his wife and family. Fortunately he has a small boat on the Hamble river, in which he used to amuse himself during the summer week-ends. In it, with his family, he seeks the comparative security of the sea.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CORBETTS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is by Nevil Shute, who, as we see, has chosen to tell a story of the future on a subject which is in the minds of all of us. Mr. Shute, moreover, has the ability to tell his sensational story unsensationally. In Peter Corbett he has created the character of a very average man caught up unexpectedly in a series of events in which he finds himself thrown almost entirely upon his own resources. *What Happened to the Corbetts* is as apposite to its day as *An Englishman's Home* was to a pre-war generation. And at the same time it really is a first-rate adventure story.

With a few hilarious exceptions novels about Ireland are apt to leave one with a feeling of sadness. If they are commonplace, then there is boredom to add to one's sadness, but since that seldom happens the trouble is that the more inspired the novel, the more abysmal the resulting gloom.

I am speaking now of a purely personal reaction, though I have a feeling that it may be fairly widely shared. Somerville and Ross are in a class by themselves, *hors concours*, and for the rest there are those heart-breaking sagas of the potato famine and emigration and absentee landlords, that are all the more moving for being so firmly rooted in fact.

Mr. Francis Stuart writes exquisitely of Ireland. His *White Hare* was a novel that I shall not soon forget, and now with **THE GREAT SQUIRE** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) he has achieved something, not more lovely but more robust and quite possibly more popular.

His squire is young Garrett O'Neil, who becomes a national hero when he wagers that a pig of his choosing will race over 2½ furlongs against an English-owned racehorse, and wins his bet. The time is the last decade of the eighteenth century and the scene of the race itself the immortal Curragh, but it is with Dublin and its dissolute, roistering society that the squire and his author are chiefly concerned.

Mr. Stuart has the vitality of a true story-teller, and his Irish brawls and magnificence and squalor give the quality of recorded history to a story that is pure romance. Only—and this is where the Irish spell is evident — there is pathos and the taste of ashes about the ending, which in another setting might have been no more than bravado.

(Continued on page 298)

"THE BELLMAN, NORWICH, 1890": One of the pleasing pencil drawings by A. H. Mottram, A.R.I.B.A., from R. H. Mottram's *Autobiography with a Difference* (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.)

HOME from HOME

The New "Dominion Monarch," Now On Her Maiden Voyage To New Zealand, Is a Paradise For Luxury-loving Passengers

The Children's Playroom has one possible disadvantage. It is going to be difficult to keep grown-ups out. Well lighted, with exciting toys, and story-book friends disporting themselves above the walnut dado, it is complemented by a children's dining-room which has accommodation for more than thirty

A LIFE on the ocean wave is as zestful as ever it was. The exhilaration of the sun and the wind and the sea ensures that. But men have robbed it of its old discomforts as thoroughly as science has conquered its dangers. To-day it is a life for those who take their pleasures gladly, exulting in luxury. It is a release from all worry and strain.

Restrained Luxury perfectly expressed in the sitting-room of one of the suites de luxe. The plain duck-egg blue walls are relieved by the decorative hand-wrought metal work of the covers for the heating panels and, with the off-white carpet, provide a charming background for the window seats and easy chairs. The graceful furniture is made in Okoumi with dark bandings

Complete with Inglenook, the smoking-room reproduces the atmosphere of a sixteenth-century Tudor mansion. The panelling of silver-grey oak, the beamed ceiling, the rich tapestries and Persian rugs, all mellowed by the tinted glasses of the leaded bay windows, inspire the most nervous passengers with a feeling of confidence and content. A more general view of the smoking-room is shown on the left

The *Dominion Monarch* is a quadruple-screw motor vessel which inaugurates a new direct service of the Shaw Savill and Albion Company between London and Teneriffe, Capetown, Durban, Fremantle, Melbourne, Sydney, and New Zealand. It has accommodation for 517 first-class passengers, for whom there are 169 single bedstead rooms, thirty-five bedrooms with private bath, and two de luxe suites.

An off-white drawing-room with greyish-green monochrome mural paintings, a panelled writing-room, and the smoking-room are quiet havens full of charms, while the vigorous will revel in the exceptionally large games deck and swimming-pool. A library and a verandah cinema provide amusement for all, and there is companionable cocktail bar, and excellent hairdressing rooms.

Hampton and Sons are responsible for the interior decoration and the furnishing of these magnificent rooms which set a new standard of beauty and of comfort.

FIGHTING THE FANATICS OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., as Sergeant Ballantine, one of the "three musketeers" in R.K.O.'s screen version of Kipling's heroic poem, "Gunga Din." The picture will be presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on February 28, and, by all accounts, makes thrilling entertainment

"UNSURPASSED IN MIGHTY GRIPPING DRAMA . . . SET IN GARGANTUAN BRILLIANT SPECTACLE" runs one of R.K.O.'s modest declarations regarding the film *Gunga Din*. The picture has its setting on India's North-west Frontier, but the actual filming was done in the fastnesses of the Sierras. This "still" shows the start of the battle between the British troops and the force of native, religious fanatics which they seek to quell

THE forthcoming visit to London of the Comédie Française—the first for sixty years—has let loose a flood of rhapsodies as to the perfection of this famous company and the superiority of the French theatre generally to every other theatre in the world. Which is as may be.

The plays to be presented at the Savoy by our distinguished guests have a nobly academic ring about their very titles, even if, possibly, to some of us these are inevitably suggestive of the school-room and of speech-day performances. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *L'Ecole des Maris* and *Le Chandelier* may be considered established masterpieces. Less known are de Musset's *A Quoi rêvent les jeunes filles* and *Le Légataire Universelle* by Regouard.

The Administrator-General of the Comédie Française, appointed a couple of years ago, is now M. Edouard Bourdet, who is, I gather, a new broom who is sweeping very clean indeed and who is a bit of a martinet as well. He swept away, or put on the retired list, a number of players (particularly of the female sex) who had clung on for far too long and who continued to play *ingénue* parts which did not suit them. These have been replaced by promising young actresses who needed to be given a chance. M. Bourdet, by the way, is the author of that much-discussed play about sex-perversion, *La Prisonnière*, which sent all Paris agog. He fought during the war, and rather less than a year ago he fought a duel with that other well-known dramatist, M. Bernstein, and was wounded.

What of the French theatre, apart from the Comédie Française? It was long the fashion to regard Paris as the centre of the theatrical world, with French actors, actresses, and theatres second to none. I do not think this is anywhere near the truth to-day. I have been to the theatre a good deal in Paris within the last few months. Although I have seen a few interesting plays and some clever performances, the theatre in Paris, as an institution, struck me as having fallen into perfunctory habits. There seemed to be a languid air of departed glory about most of it.

THOUGHTS ON TH

ON STAGE AND SCREEN
Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

The Parisian public is even more cinema-conscious than the London public, and in the advertisement columns of the newspapers cinema announcements practically monopolise the space. In a copy of *Le Journal*, which is before me, thirty theatres are advertised (not including the Opera and the Opéra Comique) for what may be called the central district of Paris, as against no fewer than eighty-eight cinemas in that same district.

Nor, I find, do normally cultured French people for the most part talk much, if at all, about plays or players nowadays, but they can tell you what almost any film-star is doing and even the person to whom he or she will be married for the next week or so. And the theatres themselves are, most of them, rather on the shabby side.

I saw the new Guitry play at the Madeleine, *Un Monde Fou*, clever and slick, of course, but hardly up to Sacha's usual form. The new production at the Montparnasse of *Manon Lescaut* as a "straight" drama simply made me sigh for some music, either Puccini's or Massenet's (preferably the former). The Grand Guignol horror factory continues to flourish, and I enjoyed a not unfamiliar type of playlet, *Le Cargo de l'Epouvante*, which involved, in some low dive, a villainous Chink, a murdered traveller, a terrifyingly Herculean negro, a *souteneur* and all the rest of it, which was more sordid than really horrible.

The new revue at the Folies-Bergère is the sort of thing one has expected to find there for years, its best point being its "star," Jeanne Aubert, whom I recall in an amusing musical show with Mr. Peter Haddon at our own Palace Theatre. She has grown rather euruproktean (look up your Greek dictionary) but is most clever and attractive. For the rest, the revue is the same old mixture of unfunny comedians, loud brass, nude girls, and, of course, "le Lambet Vark."

No, I would not say that Paris is, theatrically, the most vital capital in the world. I would give that distinction to-day to London. And no end of other people will, of course, hand it out to New York.

The Booming Shaw.—I think it was Mr. Somerset Maugham who, some years ago, enjoyed the unusual distinction of having four of his plays running in London simultaneously. There is now a Shaw boom, both on stage and screen.

Geneva has survived its transfer from the Saville to the St. James's and has settled down to comfortable commercial success. *Pygmalion* has been a film triumph. *The Doctor's Dilemma* is revived at the Westminster Theatre and is to be filmed at Pinewood studios within the next month or so, with a brilliant cast, including Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Jean Cadell, and Miss Greer Garson. I have just seen one of the three special matinee performances of *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet* (which should make a good film). And now, one gathers, this youngster of eighty-two is well ahead with his *new* play for next year's Malvern Festival.

ADMINISTRATOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: Edouard Bourdet, the noted dramatist, who guides the destinies of France's National Theatre

TO PLAY IN LONDON IN MOLIÈRE'S "L'ECOLE DES MARIS": Lise Delamare, one of the "Pensionnaire" actresses of the Comédie Française

FRENCH THEATRE

Occasioned by the Forthcoming Visit to London of the Comédie Française: Cinema-conscious Paris

Blanco Posnet always was a bit of an oddity and the Playhouse production of this thirty-year-old fantasy did not make it seem less odd. That is not to say that the production (under the direction of Mr. Esme Percy) was not a thoroughly capable one or that the entertainment value was not on a high level. The play is surely not intended to be a photographic representation of cowboys; when Shaw wrote it I do not suppose he had ever seen a cowboy. It is a queer joke, with a still more queer twist of pathos about it. Not for one instant is it tedious and the talk is all so good that one could not spare one syllable of it.

I preferred Mr. Percy as a producer than Mr. Percy as a cowboy horse-thief or whatever Blanco's real profession was; he made the character too flamboyant even for a Shavian cowboy. Mr. Edmund Willard as a sheriff and Miss Margaret Rawlings as a bad, bad girl were far more powerful. I was glad to see Miss Ethel Warwick back on the stage again; she has given me many a theatrical treat in the past and was one of the better Zazae.

Re-enter the Apple.—An apple, it will be remembered, caused a packet of trouble æons before theatres were invented. Some months ago I inveighed against the number of apples consumed in British plays and films, and, although I do not claim for a moment that it is a case of cause and effect, the habit died down. But it does not yet seem to be realised that the biting, gnawing, chewing, nibbling, and general man- (and particularly woman-) handling of apples on the London stage should be reserved for winsome geniuses from Central Europe, who need obey no law, for young women pretending to be boys (e.g., Hansel) and for young women pretending to be young women pretending to be boys (e.g., Rosalind).

Apple-itis has broken out again in London theatres. An apple is crunched nightly at the Strand Theatre. The same thing happens at the Shaftesbury. But here mark the grim sequel. The person who eats an apple in the first act *is murdered "in unprintable fashion" in the last act.*

I would call that just retribution and I would be wrong. But it should certainly be a warning.

"Keep Smiling" (Film).—In spite of the indefatigably cheerful presence of Miss Gracie Fields as the heroine, principal comedienne, and Lady-High-Everything-else of the film at the Regal, *Keep Smiling*, it is not easy to keep smiling all the way through this rather ambitious piece of fun-making, or even through the greater part of it. The story concerns the adventures of a concert party and some of it is just as depressing as a concert party can be at a dud seaside resort when the weather is bad and the season is waning. There is variety of a sort in the tour by road of this concert party through various parts of the country, involving a sojourn at a farm, which is of the stage-stagey, or of the film-filmy.

Miss Fields works immensely hard, and possibly rather too hard, on the "real good sort" lines.

A PICTURE WITH A MORAL: J. Carrol Naish, Patricia Morison, and Richard Stanley in *Persons in Hiding*, a film based on an actual case related by J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation ("G-Men"), in his latest book. Patricia Morison plays the part of a woman criminal of unrelenting ruthlessness

THE VILLAINESS OF THE PIECE: Beautiful Patricia Morison, who plays the part of Dorothy, the ruthless woman criminal, in *Persons in Hiding*, the Paramount picture which started this week at the Plaza

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA reads a telegram stating that her one-time lover, the Duke of Firth, is dying. Stella Arbenina gives a very gracious performance as the Empress in *Magyar Melody*, at His Majesty's Theatre

Drawn by Percy Horne

MRS. MANNINGHAM WATCHES THE GAS LIGHT FLICKER in the dread house where her husband is seeking by subtle cruelty to drive her out of her mind. An impression of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies in a scene from Patrick Hamilton's eerie play, *Gas Light*, at the Apollo Theatre

I cannot find it in me to blame her for overdoing it at times, partly because she is palpably such a real good sort herself and also because when faced with such wretched material the only thing for an artist of this calibre to do is to take the bit between her teeth and trust to luck. Sometimes luck is with her. But, in my belief, not often.

Forthcoming Productions: Arrangements for the gala performance by command of the King, to be held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Wednesday evening, March 22, beginning at ten o'clock, have now been completed. After the rendering of "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King," Act 1 of *The Sleeping Princess* will be given by the Vic-Wells Ballet and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Constant Lambert. Debussy's "Iberia," by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, will follow. The third act of *The Sleeping Princess* will conclude the entertainment. . . . H. M. Tennent, Ltd., will present Keith Winter's new play, *We at the Cross Roads*, at the Globe on Tuesday, March 7, following a week at the Royal, Brighton, where the play will open on Monday, February 27. The action is laid in Morocco in a room in a Moorish palace. This scene has been designed by David Homan. Mr. Winter describes the theme of the play as a revolt against indifference. To-day, he says, everyone takes the line of least resistance. They live for the day until an emergency suddenly pulls them up. They find they are at the cross roads, and their true character shows itself. . . . *Drawing Room* by Thomas Browne, author of *Plan for a Hostess*, will shortly be produced by Basil Dean.

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR: A model of the famous Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost," the original of which was built in 1907, which is going to America, together with one of the latest Rolls-Royce cars, to be put on show at the New York World's Fair

A RELIC OF THE PAST: A view of Burrow Bridge toll-gate, Athelney, Somerset, the annual auction of which has just taken place for the last time. Proceedings were conducted with the original sand-glass used now for over 100 years. At last year's auction the price paid was £1,830

WEIGH IT YOURSELF! The Post Office are experimenting with a new type of balance to enable the public to weigh their own letters to certain places abroad for which the letter unit of weight is half an ounce. New bar balances have been introduced as the original spring ones are not sensitive enough for the half-ounce letters

THE 14-H.P. LANCHESTER ON TEST

The Firm who Have Been Making Cars Since 1896 are Still Supreme in Their 1939 Production

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A CAR with the name Lanchester is one which is bound to be interesting and well up to date. I do not suppose that in the whole history of motoring there is a more honoured name or one that is known better. When I tried out a Lanchester a week or so ago I felt I was going to drive a car that would impress me, not only as regards what it did, but the way it would do it. I was not disappointed. The Lanchester is not what I would call a cheap car, for I would prefer to classify it as a quality vehicle. For over forty years Lanchester cars have been in that class and so long as the firm keep up to their present standard their products will remain in that class.

Before I describe the actual running of the car that was lent me I would like to mention for the benefit of those who were not motorists in the early days that the first Lanchester motor car was built in 1896, and it is an indication of their vision that many ideas incorporated in that first car are to-day universally used in orthodox automobile design. The firm claim, and I am certain it can be confirmed, that Lanchester is responsible for almost 50 per cent. of the basic mechanical improvements in the motor car of to-day.

Although in the quality class, the Lanchester sells for a moderate price. How this happy state of affairs is brought about I cannot say but the result is that the public has the opportunity of purchasing a vehicle having thoroughbred qualities almost at the price of a hack. Some people may pretend to be clever and say that they dislike a pre-selector gear-box and fluid fly-wheel, both of which were fitted to the Lanchester I drove. Personally, I like this type of transmission, not only because the gears are easy to manipulate but also on account of the assistance they give the driver in getting the best out of his car. With the gear lever just under the steering wheel on the right-hand side, the control is definitely at its best position. It conduces, of course, to laziness on the driver's part, but if a driver wants to take things easy I can see no reason why he should not do so.

I found it quite fascinating, too, bringing the car to a standstill, particularly when driving in town, without having to move the gear lever into neutral or disengage the clutch. Nothing could be simpler than to take one's foot off the accelerator pedal, pull on the brake lever which, incidentally, is of the pistol-grip type and situated under the dash, and stop. The take-off is always smooth and no mistakes can be made and, of course, the gear changes can be snappier than is ever possible with what I might call the orthodox control. If desired, this car can be supplied with the common type of gear-box.

This Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe has a 6-cylinder engine with a cubic capacity of 1,809 cc., which gives an R.A.C. rating of just over 14 h.p. The engine specification includes overhead valves and four main bearings of generous dimensions. The result is a very smooth, silent, and what I might term reliable engine. On more than one occasion it pushed the speedometer needle past the 80 m.p.h. mark, and right throughout its range it remained pleasant and never appeared to become agitated. First thing in the morning it started up readily and I found I did not have to wait very long warming up preparatory to setting off on my journey.

The front of the car is independently sprung, and this design, along with half-elliptic springs of good length at the rear, provided very comfortable riding. The steering was faultless and the brakes smooth yet definite in action.

The appearance of the car is definitely modern but not to extremes. The inside is lavishly furnished and there is plenty of room. I found the car a real treat to drive, and although I covered some hundreds of miles at the wheel I never had an anxious moment. The powerful engine could be used just whenever the driver desired, for the brakes, the steering and the road-holding qualities were so well up to their jobs that no emergency would unduly worry the driver. The only regrets I had about the car was that I had to give it back to the makers too soon.

A new 10-h.p. car has been introduced by the well-known firm of Wolseley Motors Limited. It is not intended that this new model should be just another Ten, but rather a car of distinction in that class. In other words, the makers have not set out with the idea of designing a car to a price which will be the same or lower than that charged for the average 10-h.p. car. The company admit that this Ten is more expensive, but they state—and, knowing Wolseley's as I do, their claims will probably be substantiated—that it provides a better performance, has greater dignity, and will wear longer than the average vehicle of its class. By charging more they are giving more.

The power-unit is a 4-cylinder overhead-valve engine developing 40 b.h.p., and it is claimed that this engine will allow the car to obtain a speed of 70 m.p.h. without imposing any undue exertion on the unit. Girder construction of the chassis and body has been adopted; the steel body panels in effect being continued forward to the radiator making a tremendously strong and stiff car. At the same time weight is saved. I am told that the car is very lively and yet holds the road like a leech.

Special care has been taken to give the driver and his passengers comfortable accommodation. Large windows and carefully-raked screen give good visibility, whilst an effective ventilating system prevents stuffiness without creating draughts. I am told that this Wolseley Ten has been specifically designed to Lord Nuffield's instructions with the idea that although a small car it provides the luxury of a much more expensive vehicle. Incidentally, the price is £215.

In another fortnight the first Brooklands race meeting will take place and with this fixture the 1939 season commences. If the political situation is stabilised I feel certain that the racing in this country this season will be more interesting than last year. It will probably take a little time to wake up, for although owners and drivers do not sleep throughout the entire winter months the reopening of the racing season always appears to come upon them as an unexpected shock.

So far as Brooklands is concerned spectators at the track will see more mountain racing than during the past season, but there will still be many events run on the outer and Campbell Road circuits. The repairs to the track have all been completed and so the outer circuit could be opened were it not for the fact that one of the neighbouring factories has a certain number of cranes and other building impedimenta stationed on the concrete at the fork. It is hoped, however, to allow drivers to go out and practise for the meeting from the first Monday in March.

THE LANCHESTER ROADRIDER DE LUXE: This graceful-looking model is fitted with a fluid fly-wheel and pre-selector gear-box. Smooth running is enhanced by its independently sprung front wheels and faultless steering

We have heard a lot recently about regulations being put into force to prevent parking in the West End of London. A hearty outcry against this suggestion caused a pause and, of course, it is possible that the authorities may let the matter drop.

In some streets on any day of the week anyone can see policemen taking notes as to the length of time cars have been left, and no doubt summonses are issued if the allotted number of minutes or hours is being exceeded. Frequently these streets are little used by traffic and the cars parked cause no trouble. On the other hand, there are streets off Bond Street which have to take a large volume of traffic and yet the authorities permit cars to be parked close to both pavements, and a centre line of stationary vehicles makes three rows that only just leave two narrow lanes, one for the up and the other for the down traffic. This is congestion with the lid off and yet from my observations there are no policemen hovering around with notebooks. This sort of thing would not be allowed to exist if one or two highly-placed officials in the Ministry had a look round for themselves.

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HIS MAJESTY THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

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SALOON *designed and built by* **DAIMLER** *on the 24 h.p. chassis*

This Daimler Saloon has quite exceptional leg roominess — useful on long runs when you like to stretch occasionally, and equally beneficial on shopping tours when ease of exit and inlet become of prime importance. In appearance it is beautifully proportioned to give smartness with dignity, has ample luggage accommodation, and in fact everything that goes to make Daimler a distinguished means of transport. A splendid example of the Daimler vogue.

British cars last longer

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STOCKPORT IS PLANNING TO SHELTER ITS WHOLE POPULATION OF 125,000 in the big stratum of red sandstone on which the town is built, and workmen are already busily engaged in drilling at points where the rock out-crops

A.R.P. IN AMERICA: Men constructing a concrete shelter during a demonstration at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, of the new Billner system of vacuum drying which makes it possible to erect a shelter and have it ready for use in four hours. The secret lies in the fact that the vacuum machinery removes all the excess water from the concrete

MADE IN FOUR HOURS: Mr. Karl P. Billner standing beside one of his patent concrete shelters. Within four hours of being poured the concrete was absolutely hard. Mr. Billner explains that, apart from their undoubted value for civilian defence, the shelters could be used with advantage by an army in the field when advancing or retreating to new positions

AFTER THE ALL CLEAR: Employees of E. K. Cole, Ltd., the Southend radio manufacturers, leaving the shelters which have been built by the firm for the protection of the entire staff. A picture taken during their first A.R.P. drill

WHOLESOME PUBLIC PRESSURE: A.R.P. MAKES STRIDES

The Home Gas-Proof Room Makes Way for the Steel Shelter

FEBRUARY'S first three weeks of A.R.P. progress bristle with second thoughts. Under wholesome public pressure, half a dozen burning questions in danger of being shelved are squarely faced. Sir John Anderson addresses to his department his own admonition to the citizen:—"Do it now."
For example:—

Evacuation.—The principle of camps is accepted. £1,000,000 is earmarked for fifty camps, each with accommodation for 350 persons.

Long-term Public Shelters.—Urged on by the interest taken in the Finsbury scheme, which has come nearest to meeting all technical objections hitherto encountered by the many deep-shelter proposals that have been put forward, the authorities agree that, with a standard scheme in sight, the long-term public shelter shall go forward as soon as may be, simultaneously with the production of the steel unit shelter, or "dog-kennel." (Not a word is heard to-day about the home gas-proof room and the paste-pot.)

In fact, regarding long- or short-term shelters, things really begin to move. September's hurried ditches are not all a dead loss. South Kensington completes the work with arched steel earthed over. In Hampstead and elsewhere the woodwork is being replaced section by section by vertical slabs of reinforced concrete, stepped at the base to prevent settlement, their tops fitting into grooves in roofing slabs of the same material. No corrugated iron. A significant note of permanency begins to be struck.

Birmingham's A.R.P. exhibits are many and ingenious; a pile of concrete cannon-balls to deflect bombs at a vital point; a dug-out in pre-cast concrete which can be sunk into the ground under its own weight, the earth being excavated without the need of struts; one-man or two-man streamlined sentry-boxes for wardens, these recently tested by allowing 50 tons of masonry to fall on them; and a white asbestos padded suit, carrying its own supply of air in the head-piece, for fighting incendiary bombs. There is even some danger of going to the opposite extreme in the matter of gas-bombs, perhaps on the dangerous assumption that because little has been heard of them in Spain their crippling agency might not be employed against England.

Following on a querulous question whether we are suffering from a "shortage of executive brains" in the matter of deep shelters, Lord Teynham, speaking in the House of Lords on February 17 on the important factor of speed in our defence measures, said, "It may be that Sir John Anderson's plans for bomb-proof shelters in congested areas are more advanced than we suppose, but how can the public know unless it is told the real position?"

One of the main features of the Finsbury scheme is the virtual elimination, not only of timbering for the excavation, but also of all forms of wooden framework or moulds for the concrete ramps. With time and cost the important factors, the saving effected by the proposed method is emphasised.

Shelters built on the ground level and piled up with earth like the ancient "barrows" are advocated for some localities as being perfectly feasible and far cheaper than the deep shelter.

A simple, practical suggestion—proved in the great war—is the "slit"—a quickly improvised protection against any danger from high-explosive except the direct hit; a shallow trench 6 ft. by 2 ft. by 15 ins. deep for one, and 3 ft. wide for two. In ordinary soil it can be dug in half an hour, and speaking from experience the writer, Col. G. F. B. Turner, states that "the counsel for protection from splinters and blast is: 'Get just below the ground level'."

Compensation for Loss or Injury Caused by Enemy Bombardment.—The official formula is announced in the House of Commons by Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer: "The general principle which the Government think should be applied is that such loss or injury should not be treated as merely the concern of those who directly suffer it, but must be regarded as falling upon the community as a whole and consequently as constituting a proper subject for compensation from public funds." The amount of damage must be assessed as soon as possible, and compensation is to be paid "on the highest scale compatible with the circumstances of the country after and not before a conflict."

LONDON'S NEW A.R.P. CHIEF: Mr. Harold Scott, Chairman of the Prison Commissioners, who has been given the task of organising air-raid precautions in the metropolitan area. He will be able to approve the schemes of local authorities without having any reference to headquarters; thus, it is hoped, speeding up the work

Regional Commissioners.—Britain is divided into twelve regions, each under a regional commissioner of national standing, about to be appointed, with plenary powers in the event of his area being cut off by enemy action and detached from the centre of government, but not extending to military matters. Commissioners will not be concerned with A.R.P. administration in peace time.

Medical Service Organisation.—Members of the British Medical Association are strongly in favour of "all-in" A.R.P. medical service under unified control centred in an individual civilian generalissimo with power to allocate personnel, organise hospital service, and supervise all forms of medical practice. This is claimed to be the most efficient means of clearing up existing chaos, safeguarding the interests of the public and the doctor, and constituting a powerful mainstay of anti-panic measures in a crisis.

Domestic Emergency Rations.—Far from constituting "hoarding," the practice of keeping in the home a few weeks' reserve of foodstuffs periodically renewed is officially approved as being not merely legitimate but of definite public service.

Steel Shelters will be Issued Free to all persons whose occupations are compulsorily insurable under the National Health Act, and to those not compulsorily insured but who are mainly dependent on earnings or pension not exceeding £250. This amount to be increased by £50 for each child of school age in excess of two.

Air-raid Wardens and the Metropolitan Police.—On February 8 it was announced that "recruiting, training, and organisation of air-raid wardens throughout London are to be transferred from the metropolitan borough councils to the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Philip Game, as from April 1." Explanations, changes and modifications follow in rapid succession till, in the midst of an outcry from seven London boroughs charged with claiming to represent the whole twenty-eight, the proposal recedes bashfully on February 16 to the following modest proportions: "Recruiting, training, and organisation of wardens is to remain in the hands of the boroughs. The police will co-operate only in collective training and general exercises." After a laudable attempt to please everybody, Sir John Anderson, who, it will be remembered, was originally against the proposal, is rewarded by being accused of changing his mind three times in a month. "The debate continues."

The Government White Paper issued on February 15 states that the numbers of volunteers for A.R.P. services reported to have been enrolled up to the end of December were about 1,150,000.

War-time Pay for A.R.P. Workers.—Sir John Anderson announced in the House of Commons on February 16 that rates of pay in war time for whole-time workers and auxiliary fire services will be £3 a week for men and £2 for women, the proposal being subject to any later decisions made by the Government of the day should occasion for whole-time service arise. The Government's belief—which probably is generally endorsed—is that widespread doubt in many people's minds as to their financial position in war time has been a big factor in holding back the otherwise willing National Service volunteer. It will be left to local authorities to arrange which of their volunteers shall work full-time. It is estimated that the total number that would be employed in full-time A.R.P. work during war time is between 400,000 and 500,000 men and about 175,000 women, involving an annual bill of about £85,000,000.

Air-raid Protection for Employees.—The Government's new Air-raid Precautions Bill, which will be introduced in the current Parliamentary session, will include the imposing of statutory obligation on all employers to provide reasonable air-raid protection for their employees in factories, workshops, and offices; compelling the inclusion of shelters in many types of new buildings, and conferring on local authorities certain rights of access to private property.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

Spring Season 1939 - *Some Outstanding Dates*

March 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★ March 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ March 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ March 16th. Golf - Rivett Carnac Challenge Cup. ★ March 22nd. Mme Maria Reining, singer. ★ March 24th. Jacques Février, pianist. ★ March 29th. Torsten Ralf, tenor. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens. ★ April 5th. Gala Concert conducted by Erich Kleiber. ★ April 6th. Golf - President's Challenge Cup. ★ April 7th. Brahms' Requiem conducted by Erich Kleiber. ★ April 10th. - 16th. Easter Tennis Tournament. ★ April 12th. & 14th. Concerts with Fritz Kreisler.

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A **RACE-DAY AT MERANO:** The horses in the chief event parading before the packed grandstands. The course is one of the finest in Italy

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

SPRING COMES EARLY IN NORTHERN ITALY

An Ideal Time to Visit Rome and the Vast Rock Garden of the Dolomites

WHILE it is true that Italy is an ever-open playground for the traveller, for no matter when the time of year it is always possible to find regions where the weather is perfect, there are times when its fascination is strongest, and one of these is Easter; indeed, an Easter in Rome is a goal of many who wander abroad. There is in that a religious significance, but apart from that aspect it is timely at the end of February, when you may be considering plans for the first general holiday of the year, to give a few thoughts to what the Eternal City offers.

There is probably no more distinctive city in the world; and it would be idle to suggest that it can be properly seen in a few days. Nevertheless, it is not the good fortune of many to be able to stay until the appetite for assimilating what it has to offer is satisfied. You may remember Goethe's words, "The more I learn to know of Rome, I more find it like the sea, whose depth increases the more it is explored." His words may be open to a hydrographic quibble, but we understand his feeling. He came to that conclusion after a few weeks in Rome, and you may well say, "What can I do in a fortnight, and I want to see Naples, Florence, Venice, and Milan as well." Clearly further visits are indicated, but you can crowd a lot into a few days.

There are excellent autocar drives which will give you some idea of the principal sights of the city. They will take you to the Colosseum, the most majestic monument of ancient Rome, the Basilica of St. Peter, the largest Christian church in the world and containing priceless art treasures of astounding variety, the Vatican, the Roman Forum, the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the Pantheon, the Appian Way, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and scores of other places of world-wide fame.

In three or four days a great variety of impressions will be collected, but they will scarcely be clear enough to warrant setting yourself up as an authority on Rome. On the contrary, the experience will probably bring the conviction that a lifetime is scarcely long enough to absorb all that the city holds.

There are travellers who hate the thought of going round from sight to sight. They are more content to sit in the atmosphere of Rome at some vantage point and contemplate the panorama. Again, a younger school are prepared to accept the legacies of history with little gratitude and give more attention to the work of to-day. For them Rome has much—the Mussolini Forum and the fine thoroughfare Via dell'Impero running between the Piazza Venezia are two instances.

The interest is not only in Rome itself, and many interesting excursions may be made in the surrounding country. Here again is the modern touch in the Lido of Rome, about twenty minutes' run from the capital by electric train. The pine-wood and the beautiful park of Castel Fusano have in recent times been added to the assets of the resort. The entire sea coast of the Latium from Civitavecchia to the gulf of Gaeta abounds in charming little towns and lovely beaches.

From Rome where will you go—south to Naples and perhaps beyond, Florence, Venice, or the mountains and lakes of the north? In all directions communications are good, and time is probably the deciding factor.

I mention the mountains of the north. It is curious how the Dolomites seem to push their pink peaks into any article on Italy. This time they come, as it were, tendering posies of early rock flowers. With the snows now rapidly receding, the whole floral carpet will come to life, the common species in wonderful profusion, and their abundance gives as much joy to the tourist as the rare specimen does to the botanist.

Undoubtedly love of flowers is a big incentive with quite a lot of travellers, and they are agreed that the Dolomite region is one of the finest rock gardens in Europe. I cannot claim to have counted them, but am prepared to take the word of an expert, that few of the 2,000 species general to the European Alps are absent. Gay little fellows like the crocus, anemone, violet, poppy, primula, saxifrage, and edelweiss, which we all know, make generous contribution to the colour scheme.

THE DOLOMITES—A FLORAL WONDERLAND: These alpine anemones are only one of a host of species of wild flower to be found blooming in profusion in springtime in the region of the Dolomites

At 9,000 ft. the slopes are blue with a wealth of eritrichium, and higher up, close to the snow-line, *latimer soldanellaminima* raise their heads. Rarer are the *phyteuma comosum*, clinging like limpets in the crevices of the rocks; the *pinguicula alpina*, an insectivorous plant; the purple *linaria alpina*; the *silene acaulis*, striking 2 ft. or 3 ft. down the crevices; and the elusive pink rhododthamnus. In the ground which is free from snow for only three months, the *gentiana ciliata* passes its brief life.

One of the earlier districts to put on its full floral glory is Molveno, in April and May. From mid-May to the end of June such places as Cortina d'Ampezzo, the Gardena and Badia valleys or Colle Isarco have their turn, and later in the year the high altitudes of Madonna di Campiglio, San Martino de Castrozza, Solda, Carezza al Lago come into their own.

I expect many of these names have a very familiar sound to you. Cortina d'Ampezzo, for instance, is probably the best known winter sports centre in the Dolomites, and not far away beyond the Valico di Tre Coci lies Misurina, nearly 6,000 ft. up, and one of the most beautiful places in Northern Italy. Cortina has a bus service to Carezza al Lago, a lovely spot by the side of a lake, which reflects the surrounding peaks, the Lateman, Coronelle, Croda di Val and Catinaccio, famous with climbers. Huge forests add to the glory of the scene.

Colle Isarco is also well known at both seasons. It stands at the exit of the Valle di Fleres, one of the most picturesque of the Upper Adige, and the Breonian Alps dominate the scene. Solda, amid woods and meadows, is 6,000 ft. above the sea and the excursions and ascents in the Ortles and Cevedale groups to the mountain huts and glaciers are innumerable, and are famed throughout the Alpine world.

If you have a liking for a bright town as a centre from which to explore a region I can recommend Merano for the Dolomites. It seems to have a special place in the sun and spring blossoms are already in evidence there. The town has adapted itself to make the most of the sunshine, and every house seems to have a balcony. The favourite promenade is the sunny Passegiata Principessa di Piemonte which runs along the slopes of the Monte di Merano for more than two miles, and from it are magnificent views over the whole valley. At the end of March with the increasing warmth the valley is soon transformed into a sea of pink and white blossoms, while on the mountains the snow glistens against the blue sky.

Easter sees the season at its climax with fêtes and balls, and on the racecourse at Maia, one of the largest in the country, there is a succession of events. For instance, during the early days of April there is a show of Avelengo mountain ponies, a distinctive breed of these parts. Later in the month a Concours Hippique is held, and there are race meetings to the end of May. If you have a weakness for old castles in lovely settings, this is just the place, there are thirty-eight situated in the vicinity of Merano!

Beverley Brooke

On right—**CROCUS CARPET:** A spring scene in the mountains near Merano

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SPAIN—AFTERMATH (*Continued from page 275*)

who seems destined soon to be as familiar at broadcast and breakfast as a Goebbels. Meet Señor Ramon Suñer, Minister of the Interior and for Public Order and Security, controlling police and propaganda, responsible for maintaining order in newly-acquired territories, and for curbing reprisals. Second most important man in the New Spain, and Franco's own brother-in-law. This almost lone discovery of the civil war is described as a "neat, delicately-fashioned little man in the early forties," and how the Government side must curse the destiny that let the Señor out of their hands, for he was a year a prisoner before escaping. Suñer is the living expression of what weird things can be effected under the totalitarian banner. He is the denial outright of that "reasoning" one so often hears: "But he (or she) is a Catholic—how can he be a Nazi—they're pagans!"

Señor Suñer is a devout Catholic. He is also a hot convert to Nazism. The fact is that each country which goes Nazi or Fascist works out its own private method in accordance with what will go down best domestically. Spain is religious? Right, she shall have the Church. Were Spain agnostic, priests would be erased. All goes so long as the Roman salute presides.

All of the above has been perpetrated on the assumption that the fine Miaja will not defend Madrid or that the capital will fall almost at once—say late March.

Then Franco will stand faced by the rebuilding of a nation that the victors aspire will one day remind them or their heirs of the great Spain of the past: by sea and air, by developing vital dominion close at hand and by reaching out a hand across the south Atlantic, that would be firmly grasped on the other side, shall this chiefly be encompassed.

And the Big European Four would each and all get in on the ground floor of Spanish reconstruction—and friendship. The Italians are already arranging to build roads, railways, public utilities, and with imported Italian labour; unless, by another manifestation of his familiar slickness, Mussolini manages to keep on his legionaries in the Peninsula, but now transformed into labourers, as was done in Ethiopia.

Germany, we may rest assured, is far from lagging behind in practical wooing.

The French, for their part, are trying hastily to curry favour with the conqueror. They will hand over half of Andorra, as soon as the returned Bishop of Seo d'Urgel lawfully reclaims the part long assigned to him by treaty; they will no doubt allow Franquists to enter the Spanish enclave of Llivia, hard by Bourg-Madame (though this might lead to a ticklish hereafter); they will work to get the Spanish gold and treasure and masterpieces back to Franco Spain. But France is going to have a difficult passage, she having managed grievously to offend—mild word—both sides in Spain. "They battened on us, shouted us on, then left us in the lurch" were saying the retreating militiamen the other day, unpleasantly reminiscent of a prior Czech sentiment.

For ourselves, we dream of being so good a customer for Spain—ores, oranges, sherry, not to mention far bigger financial support than that which has been imperceptibly extended to Franco for so long through the Alba mission. Yet perhaps we should not bank too steeply on the victor wanting so very much of our gold for his rebuilding—totalitarian regimes having a way of dispensing with the time-dishonoured metal. One further agrees with the Rome reading that "agricultural exports from Spain represent the gold ingots Britain would send to that country, to say nothing of the iron, manganese and mercury of the Peninsula."

Our best chance may well be the personal one, the fact that so many Spaniards probably yet prefer us *quand même* to most others. As for the difficulty of connecting cordially with a totalitarian regime, I have a hunch the finished Franco article will resemble the Salazar exemplar more closely than any other, and have we not restored friendly relations with Portugal? Even if she is under a dictatorship, gives the Roman salute, has 50,000 greenshirt militia, moulds her boys and girls after the Ballila fashion, controls her Press and has her version of the Gestapo?

CONTINUATIONS

AMERICA'S SOUTH IS STILL SUNNY
(*Continued from page 278*)

necessary to conclude the case of a group of negroes who may have been unjustly accused, but who were nevertheless ruthlessly exploited by their defence, and who may have been harmed more by their defence than they were by the state's prosecution.

The subject of the sunny south exhausts me. I cannot compress it within the limits of a single article, as any southerner will well know. I might as well try to write about San Francisco or San Antonio or New Orleans in a single flight of words. I could damn them all in one peroration, and then, like Dantë, I could ask them, as Dantë asked Beatrice, to wait for him until he could reach "Il Paradiso," and promise to write of them as no (woman) had ever been written of before. Dantë kept his promise.

I think I could keep mine.

I do want to say something about Texas or, more particularly, about San Antonio before I close. The state of Texas is so vast it is an empire in itself. Its peoples have nothing in common. The situation is so grave that there is a constant wish to divide it into four states. The principal move in that direction was blocked by an orator who declared: "You can divide the state of Texas, but you can't divide the Alamo."

The Alamo is at San Antonio. It is the chapel-fortress where Davy Crockett and his band of less than forty Texans, including one negro, made their last stand against a large army of Mexicans under Santa Ana. When the belated rescue party arrived, 900 Mexicans were found dead outside the walls. It was believed that if the defending party had used the time at its disposal to prepare for defence, instead of consuming it, in the good old Texas fashion, in making speeches, it would have held out until relief arrived.

Another orator remarked: "Thermopylae had its messenger of death; the Alamo had none."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Continued from page 288*)

Once over the first hurdle of uneasily colloquial style Mr. Peter Cheyney's Lemmy Caution books are very entertaining reading for those who like their detective fiction without any psychological frills, or, as Mr. Caution might put it, straight.

In DON'T GET ME WRONG (Collins. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Cheyney's heroic and slangy detective flits between Mexico, Washington and Paris, lamping any dames worthy of his critical attention, and being a great help to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Like Scotland Yard, these gentlemen seem to rely, in fiction, on the gifted free-lance.

Lemmy Caution runs the risks common to his adventurous kind, eases himself out of tight corners, beats up two-timing lawyers and makes love, with charming impartiality. He is, even in fiction, quite a new kind of detective and, given an aptitude for decoding the subtleties of American *argot*, you will enjoy his adventures very much.

In case there should be any doubt as to Mr. Caution's toughness and superb nonchalance, I give you a side-light on him in his own words. "I ain't never seen an accident at sea before, but I think this one is swell," he remarks as the ship he is in runs down and sinks another.

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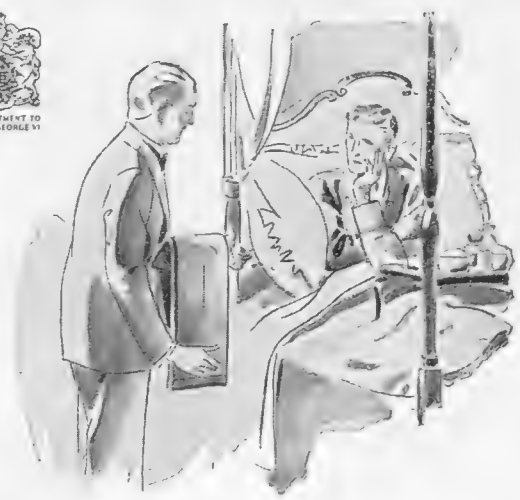

I'm afraid, sir, that we shall have to be thinking of some new suits.

Can't think of it yet, Victor. We shall just have to bear with our shiny serge and tattered tweeds.

Might I suggest, sir, a less expensive tailor? I have heard of one who cuts, just so, sir; tailored and finished not a stone's throw from your own—for a mere nine guineas. Bernard Weatherill, sir.

Victor, we are not amused. Here I've been paying thirteen guineas for a suit and all the time you could have saved me four guineas a throw. Get on the telephone, at once.

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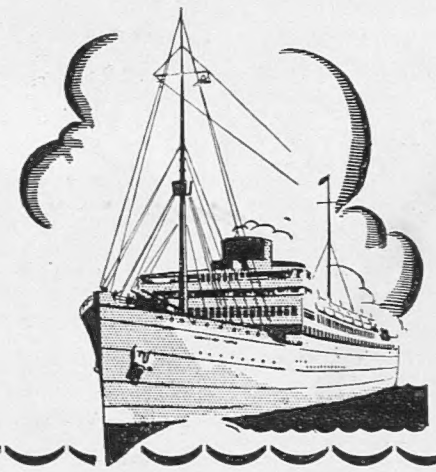

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Facing south and overlooking the sea; fully licensed; lock-up garages. R.A.C., A.A.

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Victoria Hotel *Sidmouth* S. DEVON

Telephone: SIDMOUTH 11 *Telegrams:* VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH

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In Quest of

Our Two Great Universi
Rainfall Record: The Easte

OUR two great universities are not as wet as people think. This is a fact. There are statistics published that establish it beyond all contravention. Cambridge, moreover (and this gives me personal satisfaction), is not so wet as Oxford. This does not mean that Cambridge is going dry, though certain orators have urged that cause. It means that the figures of last year's rainfall have been published and that both Oxford and Cambridge have had comparatively little rain. It is idle to speculate on the purpose to which Providence intended Oxford to devote that extra drop of water.

But seriously, these rainfall figures are very interesting. Only three places in England had less than 20 ins.: Shoeburyness, Cambridge and March; and out of a further twenty-three that had less than 25 ins. each, only two are west of a line drawn from the Isle of Wight to Nottingham. Undoubtedly there was less rain in the east.

This seems to me to build up very strongly the claim that the easterly resorts have for consideration; and by this I mean especially those in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex and Kent. To them I would add, for special consideration, the towns of Cambridge and Lincoln where at the latter the White Hart stands supreme. But the counties that I have mentioned have (what is not always a natural consequence) an excellent record for sunshine: and if my readers ever scan the figures for sunshine in England they will see that places like Clacton and Frinton rank high. Both these places have excellent hotels: the Grand at Frinton, and Grosvenor Court at Clacton.

Sheringham is another excellent place at any time of the year. It is dry, fine and bracing; there is good holiday golf and the Sheringham Hotel, which opens its doors from Easter to the end of September, is at the top of its own tree. Cromer enjoys almost the same climate, and apart from the Grand, Newhaven Court and other well-known hotels there is the Sea Marge Hotel, under the same management as the Garden House at Cambridge.

Actually, the best figures of all seem to be for the Thames Estuary. I do not know of anything actually near Shoeburyness; but almost exactly opposite, in the Isle of Sheppey, is the Royal Fountain at Sheerness, which has been known for its comfort and its good cooking to generations of naval officers.

With the North Kent coast I dealt in a recent article, but it should be recorded that the Minnis Bay Hotel opens at Easter, and if you are planning ahead (as you should) it is as well to remember what delightful weather you do get on this very bracing piece of coast; what splendid sands there are for children; and what a wealth of modern comfort there is in the Isle of Thanet. At Westgate, Rowena Court, or for a smaller one the Westbay. Then there is the Florence at Cliftonville, Kingsgate Castle at the North Foreland, and the Granville at Ramsgate. Margate

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Half an hour from City and West End.

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SPECIALLY REDUCED WINTER TERMS, operative till March 31st, give opportunity of staying in a really de luxe hotel at a very moderate cost. No alteration in standard. Inclusive terms from **4** guineas per week. Double rooms with private bathroom from **10** guineas per week. *Illustrated brochure free on request.*

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A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

HERE YOU MAY STAY—whether for six weeks, six months . . . or the rest of your life, and enjoy country house life—within ten miles of London.

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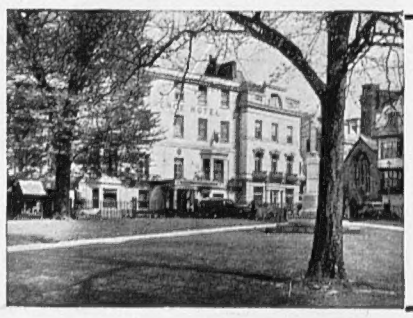
Fast, frequent electric trains (a bare half-hour to Charing Cross or Cannon Street), four golf courses, English cooking at its best and an Hotel which has built its reputaton on true comfort will combine to congratulate you on the wisdom of your choice. Incidentally, the terms are moderate and **there are absolutely no extras.** *Telephone: Chislehurst 1616*



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel

EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Cities and Their Wonderful Resorts and the Weather Chart

had only a fraction over 20 ins. of rain last year, as opposed to something like 300 on the top of Ben Nevis. But "comparisons are odious."

In East Kent I am hearing golden opinions of the Mayfair Court at Deal. This is a modern hotel, extremely bright and comfortable, with squash racquets and every sort of convenience. It is, too, the nearest hotel to the Cinque Ports Golf Club, and that is a merit in itself.

Looking down the figures I see again that Horsham, Sussex, receives honourable mention, and from this I deduce that most of the Sussex coast towns were tolerably dry. I cannot, of course, give here a catalogue of all the worthwhile hotels along this favoured stretch of coast, for Hastings, Eastbourne, Brighton and Worthing offer a galaxy of choice. But if you are thinking of Easter there are, for bijou hotels, Palm Court Hotel, Angmering-on-Sea, the Hydro Hotel at Eastbourne, and the Queens or the Albany at Hastings. Just a brief selection among a wide choice.

But in calculations based on the statistics of rainfall and sunshine, one can never omit the Isle of Wight, and I see that at Totland Bay they had only 23·63 ins. If you have never seen the views of the Solent from the windows of the Totland Bay Hotel on a sunny day you have a new experience of beauty awaiting you.

Before I close this article I cannot refrain from pointing out to those ladies who have so often insisted that gun-fire causes rain, that Porton on Salisbury Plain had only 23·10 ins., and the driest place in England was Shoeburyness!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

V. M. W., Balerno.—If you want a change from the Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst, which is, as you say, extremely good, I would suggest the Balmer Lawn Hotel at Brockenhurst, which is one of the Honywood group. If you want something smaller, of the country house type of place, I would recommend the Langdown Lawn Hotel at Hythe, on the edge of the New Forest, which overlooks Southampton Water.

A. K. W., Altrincham.—As you want an hotel "somewhere between Lynton and Tintagel," I would suggest Lee Abbey Hotel, which is near Lynton and is a most delightful hotel in a beautiful setting.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL

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A first-class hotel with Licensed Bridge Club attached. Terms from 5½ gns. Details from Miss P. E. Woolcock.

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Grand Peace . . .

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A.A. and R.A.C.
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THE GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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